

"DOLLAR DAY OBSERVANCE BY OUR MERCHANTS IS A BIG INDICATION OF THEIR WILLINGNESS TO SHARE PROFITS WITH THEIR CUSTOMERS"

FRENCH DRIVE REACHES AILLETTE RIVER HAIG STARTS NEW DRIVE ON THE HUNS

GENERAL MANGIN'S TROOPS SCORE SUCCESSSES ON TRIUMPHANT MARCH

MEAGRE DETAILS OF HAIG'S DRIVE FAIL
TO SHOW EXTENT OF THE LATEST ON-
SLAUGHT OF THE BRITISH

100,000 HUNS TAKEN SINCE JULY 1

By United Press
Paris, Aug. 22.—Since the start of the counter offensive of July 18, the Allies have taken 100,000 prisoners according to figures compiled today by the Echo d Paris.

By Lowell Mellett

With The British Army In The Field, Aug. 22, 11.15 a. m.—The attack on the high ground between Albert and Bray this morning was reported as "going good" when this dispatch was filed. Fighting conditions were reasonably favorable. There was no mist and the sun was hot.

Continuing their offensive on a wide front between the Somme and the Ancre and south of the Oise General Mangin's French troops have reached the Ailette river.

The French official statement today announced that the fighting was over a wide front in the region of Lassigny to the neighborhood of Soissons. The French took St. Paul Aux Bois and pressed on forward north of the Ailette. They reached that stream at La Quincy-Bagge, when five villages were taken.

General Haig started this new drive at 4.55 this morning between the Ancre and the Somme. The British statement announced the attack was made on a front at Dernancourt and Etineham—a front of 6 miles.

The enemy's positions were almost the strongest on the whole western front. American troops may be in the fighting, brigaded with the British forces with which they fought a few days ago.

The French war office reported the complete repulse of an enemy attempt to bomb Paris from the air at 10 o'clock this morning.

Attempted German raids on American positions in Alsace were broken up. The Germans failed to reach the American front trenches.

Early dispatches referred to the new British smash but did not give its location. London dispatches did, however, give detailed results of yesterday's operation between the Aisne and the Oise. Between 2,000 and 3,000 prisoners were captured in half of the area penetrated. German resistance was dogged toward afternoon and late in the day a series of heavy counter attacks were launched by the enemy. These were all repulsed. General Haig also continued further local advances last night and this morning in the Flanders salient on the north and west of the sector.

THE MIDNIGHT REPORT

London, Aug. 22.—The British Third army, under General Julian Byng, marched forward yesterday on a ten-mile front to a depth of two and five miles between the Ancre river and Moyenville, six miles south of Arras, last night's report from General Haig shows.

What littlehold the Germans have left on the west bank of the Ancre has been made untenable and a general retreat on the two-mile front between Albert and Arras is a safety measure which the Germans cannot escape. The Germans offering only rear guard resistance to this assault. They had been withdrawing in this region for several days, but Byng's blow caught them while they were still preparing or a large scale retirement.

The villages of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre, Puisieux-au-Mont, Bucquoy, Ablainzeville and Moyenville were captured by the British, Haig announces.

LASSIGNY CAPTURED

Paris, Aug. 21.—Lassigny has been captured by the French. The outskirts of Noyon are said to have been entered by the French. Twenty villages have been captured since Tuesday and the advance has reached a depth of five miles. The French have reached a point east of Noyon, thus virtually outflanking that important German pivot. The fall of Noyon is momentarily expected.

TODAY'S CASUALTIES

The following casualties are reported by the commanding general of the American Expeditionary forces today:

Killed in action	32
Missing in action	136
Wounded Severely	162
Died from accident and other causes	8
Died of disease	4
Wounded (degree undetermined)	48
Prisoner	1
Total	391

Following are the casualties for the State of Pennsylvania.

KILLED IN ACTION
Charles Reardon, Sharpville
Daniel J. Wansie, Kulpmont

MISSING IN ACTION
Jack Campy, Minersville
Michael McCorkic, Chocanut
Frank Staniski, Philadelphia
Archie Rowley, Warren
Henry Simons, Philadelphia
John Sobonski, Scranton
John Stinson, Philadelphia
John Deprez Merve, Philadelphia
James R. Strauss, Franklin
Anthony Boknos, Scranton
Michael Mikalonis, Plymouth
Israel Pinchersky, Philadelphia

WOUNDED SEVERELY
Alois Zopancic, Hackett
George Newitt, Kingston
Colie L. Jenkins, Mansfield
WOUNDED (Degree undetermined)
William Gardner, Philadelphia

PRISONER
Michael Viola, Philadelphia
MARINE CORPS

Killed in action 5
Died of wounds received in action 1
Total 6

KILLED IN ACTION
Sgt. Harry Donohue, Philadelphia

DR. ROWLES ENLISTS IN ARMY

Dr. Lewis C. Rowles has volunteered his services to his country and leaves Sunday next for Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, to take up his duties as a captain in the medical department of the U. S. army.

Dr. Rowles received his Captain's commission some time ago but kept the matter quiet among his home folks until he could get his practice and business affairs in shape to leave.

Dr. Rowles is a Spanish-American war veteran, having been a member of Captain Woodward's Company E of the Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rowles, of Martin street, a native Clearfield county boy, and has both the ability and inclination to give a good account of himself in his country's service.

STOCKS BOUYANT

New York, Aug. 22.—The Stock Market opened fractionally higher today. United States steel was up 1/4 at 111 1/4 and marine preferred opened at 101 1/4. Canadian Pacific opened at 106 1/4. Liberty up 3 1/2 at 102.30.

Many companies limit insurance on woman to those engaged in gainful occupations, and the enormous increase in the numbers of these, many of them at large salaries, has greatly increased the insurance possibilities.

Mrs. William Thaw, Jr., of Pittsburgh, is the first woman to be appointed to membership on the Pennsylvania State Board of Public Charities.

At its station in North Wales the Marconi company has started a school for the training of women in wireless telegraphy.

The Production manager of the Fuel administration had addressed a letter to the miners and operators of this field setting forth the present status of the coal industry as it affects the success of the war. These are discussed on the editorial page of this issue and we earnestly urge every miner and operator reader to turn to that page.

COAL MINERS WILL GET BADGES FOR GOOD SERVICES

Additional evidence that the government regards coal miners and other workers in war industries of equal importance to the war machinery as the men in uniform was given last night in an announcement made by the Department of Labor of the completion of a medal to be awarded and worn by every man, woman and child engaged in civilian war work.

These medals, which will be known as War Industries Badges, will be awarded on the recommendation of an official of the Labor Department who will have supervision of this subject.

The decision of the Department of Labor to award such insignia was due to a recognition of the fact that many skilled workers would be choiced at the front, and are not wearing a military uniform solely because they have been told that their place of greatest service at this time is in war industry.

The badge will be disc-shaped, slightly larger than a quarter, and will be attached to a red, white and blue enamel bar one and three-quarters inches long. Four consecutive months of uninterrupted service in war production will entitle a worker to the first badge, which will be of bronze. Eligibility to the second badge, which will be case from the same die but made of different metal, possibly silver, will result from eight consecutive months of war service. Award of the bronze badge will be retroactive on properly supported application but no silver badges will be given for industrial war service performed prior to September 1st.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY FIRST BOAT CROSSED THE OCEAN

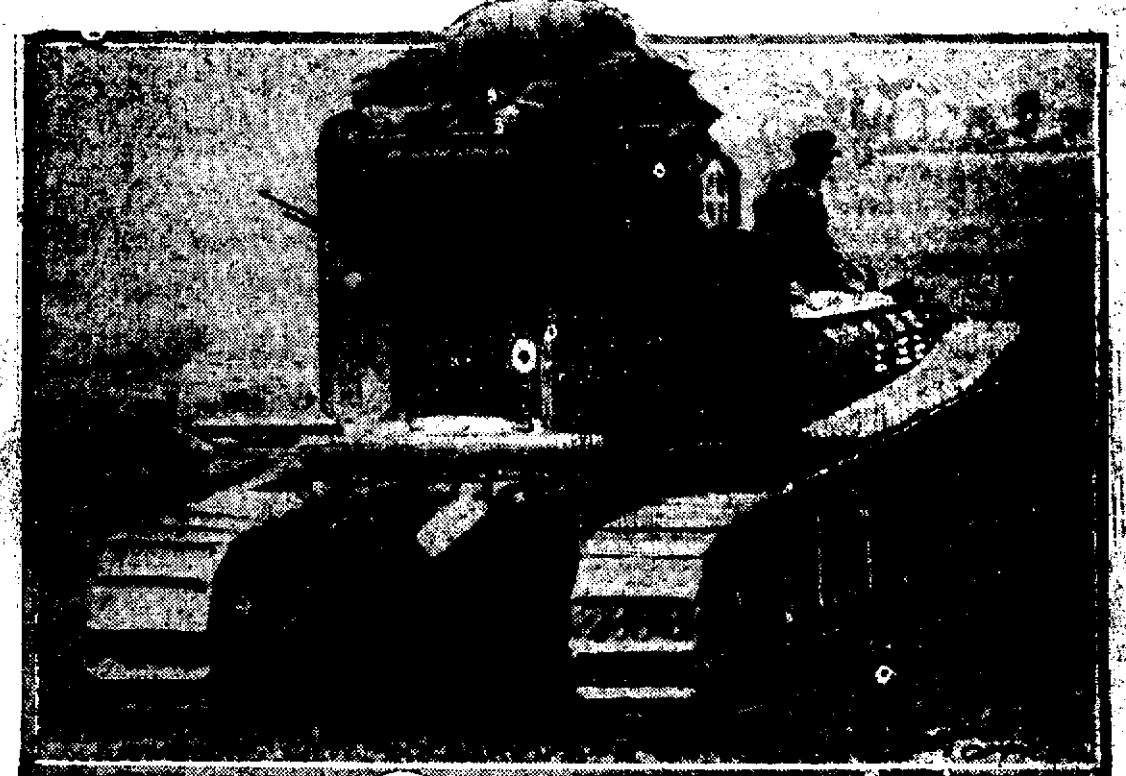
Washington, D. C., Aug. 22.—Sixty years ago this month the first cable message was sent under the Atlantic between Europe and America, and one hundred years ago today was launched the first steam vessel to cross the ocean. The two anniversaries are especially interesting at this time in view of the vital part that the great Atlantic highway is playing in the world war. The imagination can scarcely conceive the fatal handicap that would face the United States in her participation in the war if there were no submarine cables for the quick transmission of intelligence and no steamships for the speedy transport of troops.

When the pioneer transatlantic steamship, the Savannah, was launched at New York on August 22, 1818, there were few who realized the importance of the event and the possibilities thus opened up. The ship was regarded as a novelty and its attempt to cross the ocean was anticipated as an interesting experiment.

The Savannah was a vessel of 200 tons and her fuel capacity was limited to 75 tons of coal and 25 cords of wood. She sailed from the city of Savannah, Ga., on the 25th of May, 1819, bound for St. Petersburg, via Liverpool. She reached the latter port on June 20, having used steam 18 days out of the 26, and thus demonstrated the feasibility of transatlantic steam navigation.

Approaching Liverpool, hundreds of people came off in boats to see the

"Whippet" Tanks Help Chase The Germans.



The little "whippet" tank used by the British has been one of the factors in keeping the Germans on the run in General Foch's continuous drive. The tank can move over more rapidly than the larger one first introduced in the war.

YEARLING COLT IS FOND OF WHISKERS A LA SWEET CORN

A Lawrence township farmer who generally has his chin adorned with a handsome silky bunch of alfalfa now allows the winds of Mt. Joy to whistle through a few short stiff stubbles resting quietly on his lower jaw following an operation at the hands of tonsorial surgeon Mohney at the Y. M. C. A. shavery. There is a reason for all things, it has been truly said, and there is no exception to the rule in the tale which has to do with the loss of the farmer's shrunken or camouflage.

Here is the story, as we got it. The farmer with the whiskers is raising a yearling colt which is a general pet around the premises and does about as he pleases. When anybody is working about the barn that colt is always present, nosing into everything that is being done. Saturday last the farmer had a bunch of the finest Golden Bantam corn ever raised on these hills and he stowed away many ears at the dinner hour. Did you ever see a fellow with a brush curtain on his chin eating corn off the cob? Well! Well!

After dinner the farmer went to the barn and when he started to put away some oats that colt came in on to the barn floor and began nosing about. He discovered the residue on the alfalfa and thinking a new brand of breakfast food was offered him very generously helped himself to a big bite of whiskers. The farmer soon discovered the colt's attachment and as the whiskers were tough and the colt's teeth were soft it took some time to get the mouthful separated from the parent stems with the minimum of pain. It was gnawed down however, but the whiskers didn't look the same, and while the colt blissfully masticated the former personal adornment of his owner, the latter quickly hid himself to the tonsorial artist for the further improvement of his facial topography. A place has been provided for that colt and he has since been kept in that place.

The first woman to seek a seat in the New York legislature is Mrs. Betty Wakeman Mitchell of Hudson Falls, who is a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket.

Savannah. On approaching the river the shipping piers and roofs of houses were thronged with persons cheering the adventurous craft. Several naval officers noblemen and merchants from London went down to visit the boat and were very curious to ascertain her speed, destination and other particulars.

COMMITTEE RECOMMENDS THAT MAN HEAD AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION

Washington, Aug. 22.—Recommendation of a new method of control of the aircraft production, speeding up of the production, encouragement of inventions and reduction of profits in the aircraft contract, the Senate Aircraft sub-committee today submitted its report to the Military Affairs committee.

EPISCOPALIANS DO HONOR TO THEIR BOYS OVER THERE

The most beautiful, solemn and impressive service was conducted at the St. Andrews Episcopal church last evening in honor of those young men who have left the protection of its doors to take their places as defenders of small nations and saviors of the freedom of mankind. Excellent addresses were made by Judge John W. Read and A. D. Bigler. The Liberty Chorus was present and sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, The Star Spangled Banner and led the singing of America. Judge Read's address was a word picture of the war, its causes and its ultimate triumph while Mr. Bigler dwelt more particularly on the boys, their army environment and the glory of their service. An impressive feature was a prayer by Reverend Coates in which he invoked divine blessings on each one, naming each with a pause in the prayer. Those for whom the service flag was unfurled are as follows:

Ella Brown, in France.
Serg. Harold Wilson, died in the service.
Corp. Whitford Barratt, in France.
Lieut. G. Webb Shillingford, in France.
Lieut. Thaddeus Boyd, navy.
Lieut. Wm. W. Powell in France.
Albert S. Ross, in France.
Serg. Wm. Bock, in France.
Wm. C. Kennard, in France.
Wm. Brown, in camp.
Lieut. M. D. Douglas, Cleveland.
Bishop Rogers, Israel, in France.

MIDDLE WEST TORNADO KILLS SCORES

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Twenty-five are dead and nearly 100 were injured by a tornado last night at Tyler, Minn., according to reports of officials of the Chicago and Northwestern railway here today.

Mrs. C. H. McDowell is ill at her home on Second street.

PROGRESSIVE SHOPS OF CLEARFIELD WILL HAVE BIG DOLLAR DAY

One more shining example of the way that Clearfield merchants are always on the alert to give the greatest value for the money is evidenced in the fact that they have decided to continue the Dollar Day that was inaugurated some four years ago.

These merchants have been telling you in their advertisements and by word of mouth that goods are going higher in price and getting to a point of where it isn't a question of money but more a question of getting the merchandise and yet, in order to keep abreast of the times they are going to make some unprecedented offers for the coming bargain festival.

You have probably noticed in your daily purchasing that the prices of all sorts of merchandise have advanced far beyond normal and this in itself makes the fact that they are going to put aside profits for the one day on many hundreds of articles and let you have a chance to make your dollar go farther than it has done since the war began.

Taking it all in all, this is another example of the fact that the Clearfield merchants are "right on the hip" as the saying goes and are going to succeed in making this a better town to buy in and in doing this they will make Clearfield the real shopping center of a region that at present is enjoying the most unprecedented prosperity.

That Thursday of next week is going to be a red letter day for every one goes without saying and the thrifty will be on hand early to get the cream of the offerings.

Red cards are appearing in the stores which will participate and it behooves the thrifty to look up these stores and watch for the offerings.

Mrs. Amand Peach, a 75-year-old resident of West Chester, Pa., recently walked 50 miles in making a round of visits to friends in neighboring towns.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 21, 1918.

KING COAL

So much has been said and written about the shortage of coal and the importance of mining more of it, that it is doubtful whether it can be presented from any new angle, however, it is a subject that will bear much repetition. The editors of the coal field publications have been invited to discuss the subject from any standpoint that they see fit and from our limited study of the situation we see one phase of it which will be more fully explained in the last paragraph of this article.

A letter has been addressed to all the miners' organizations of this field from the Director of Coal Production in which he sets forth some very pertinent paragraphs. It is gratifying to note that in not one instance does he criticize the miner; in not one instance does he accuse them of slacking on the job; in not one instance does he imply that they have willfully laid down on the job of doing their patriotic duty. He is pleading for team work. He is asking the patriotic, hard working miner to help to bring his co-worker into line. The miners of this field as well as the others will realize that it is the drones among them who are responsible for this activity on the part of the Federal government. He has also addressed a letter to the operators and judging from the tone of it, he believes that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. To the miners he makes the following indisputable remarks:

First; that there is a shortage of coal.
Second; that this shortage is seriously threatening the success of the war program.

Third; that in spite of the draft, enlistments, etc., there are still enough mine workers to produce an adequate supply of coal IF EACH ONE WILL WORK EIGHT HOURS A DAY ON EACH OF THE SIX DAYS OF THE WEEK. Here we have the milk of the coconut; 48 working hours a week for each miner, illness excepted.

To the operators he says; "that the operators must make it possible for the workers to work regularly and efficiently". Continuing he says:

First; you must practice the highest degree of efficiency in your mine management. Under this head would come the keeping of the power plant and power lines in first class repair, a well kept and speedy haulage system, a knowledge on the part of the mine foreman as to where to put his men in order to get out the coal with the least amount of moving of machines and equipment, a concentration of the workers in a group or groups and last but not least, a willingness to accept suggestions from the workers and a courteous treatment to all.

Second; you must provide good working conditions in the way of good air, drainage and a generous supply of working material.

The letters directed to both miners and operators are designed to get harmony from both. There must be no passing of the buck. If each mine works out the production committee idea and applies its principals conscientiously it will result in much good. The operator will no doubt have his eyes open on some of his men as to efficiency, likewise some of the miners working at that plant must show the committee why they are off two to four days a week or wear the mark of an industrial slacker.

The patriotic, everyday mine worker can find nothing objectionable in the earnest plea of the Production Manager for full time work. The miner who is doing that, and there are thousands of them doing it, can throw out his chest, hold his head high among his fellow workers, look his soldier boy son or friend in the eye and be proud that he is doing that which is expected of him by his country but he must not be content with his own work. It is up to him to bring his fellow worker into line. It seems to us that a full time worker can have only contempt for the man who continues to work only enough to make a living and without regard to the country's need for fuel. Get after that fellow and ask him by his right name. Let us suggest that you patriotic miners post this article on the tippie and in this way you will soon locate the fellows who are not yet awake to the golden opportunity the coal miners have to bring Germany to her knees by making coal to manufacture munitions, heat homes and bunker ships which are carrying their buddies to the working face "over there".

BOYS "OVER THERE" KNOW A GOOD THING

The Y. M. C. A. will soon go up and down the highways of America in a campaign to raise a new bank account for their working fund must grow up with our Army in France. They will ask a hundred million dollars—\$100,000,000 to be gathered, in money large and small, from the ever generous pockets of the folks back home.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous and new stages for Elsie Janis and those who are to follow in her foot steps. If means movies and music, hits and hospitality, chocolate and champagne.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous will not be suffered this time to raise any fraction of that fortune on false pretenses; that no effort will be made

to pry open pious purses by means of alarming stories about the iniquities of Army life, which—in matters of clean-living—is, after all, rather more decent than civilian life. Memory brings vividly to our minds the strain of a hymn which, by an odd coincidence, was sung to the air of "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and of which the climactic verse intoned this sentiment:

Lift up the Red Triangle
Against the things that main—
It conquers booze, the weed,
It shuts the house of shame.

We most devoutly hope that as old ladies of either sex will be beguiled into contributing a single centime to that \$100,000,000 in the delusion that, without our brothers of the Red Triangle, the A. E. F. would relapse into a riotous group of venal drunkards.

—From "The Stars and Stripes," official organ of the A. E. F. in France.

More than 125 Chinese women are attending American colleges.

Letters to the Editor

AN ECHO

I just happened to pick up a copy of the Progress of the issue of Aug. 10, 1918 and notice the write-up on the flag raising held at Goshen school house. Say! Will you take time to read another anonymous letter? Would you, through courtesy, publish it?

Don't you think that you are a little bit hard on the "hand that is feeding you"? Did you ever stop and consider what would be the outcome of a strike among these people that are "feeding you"?

Now be fair and square in the matter. Don't the typesetters, the press feeders, the reporters, the rail roaders, the brick layers, the stone masons, the electricians, the plumbers, the woodmen, the motor men, the conductors, the electricians, the wiremen, the steel workers, the puddlers and ad infinitum, go on a strike when the conditions become unbearable or unworkable?

Did the farmers (the people that are "feeding you") step up and tell them what to do, and when to do it? Did you ever have a farmer step into the Progress office and tell you when and how to put your paper out? Did you ever have a farmer urge you to do more printing than you really could do? Does the farmer ever try to run any other business than his own. In all fairness you will have to say NO, and say it loud so as the people that have back seats can hear.

How long does the average workman or tradesman work each day? About 8-12 hours. Am I not right? What does he do the balance of daylight (that we are saving now)? I will let you answer this as you know as well as I what the majority do. Now! How long does the average farmer work each day? Now I am talking about farmers, not simply every one that has a mule and a shovel plow (we have a lot of them just now among younger men) but I mean actual farmers, ones that mean to farm and have their money invested in land and machinery and make farming a business.

Don't they average about 14 hours a day? Are they not plodding along, not bothering the papers, the plumbers, the miners or any one else? And NOW? Who sets the price on the farmer's toil?

Does the farmer? Who sets the price on his wheat? Does the farmer? Who sets the price on his corn? Does the farmer? Who sets the price on his "goods"? Does the farmer? No! Not by a barrel fork. He has to take what is offered or keep it. Now take it on your side. Your solicitor persuades a farmer to subscribe for your paper (a good one) for a year, gives him a receipt for the money paid. Who sets the price? Does it stop at the end of the year? (Take the majority of county papers). No! It keeps coming and whether he lifts it or not the law says that he must pay and pay the price the other fellow sets. The same is true when he buys a mower, a rake, a reaper or any other machine, he is like the little boy that "stole the cookies" he has "nothing to say". He simply pays the price and saws wood.

Of late every person that has nothing else to do, or has a little spare time, thinks that they are qualified to tell the farmer what to do. Many of these very same people could not raise enough to keep themselves if they were placed in the "Garden of Eden" and had the potash deposits of Germany (thank God our farmers don't need it) at their disposal, yet they want to tell the farmer what to do and how to do it. I have a picture of some of these people out in the oats field (on the day of the flag raising at Goshen) setting in the shade, drinking lemonade and urging the other fellow to "dig in".

You won't find any electric fans there! You won't find "tangle foot" (of either kind) there! I can see him

sitting there joking with the office girl, or the printer's devil and peeling the white of his eye and "lord now he sweats".

Suppose that a farmer were to be called in to help you get out the Progress; how much would he be worth? Would he not be in your way? Would you give him his board for what he is able to do in your line? No! That is not his business, and furthermore he is not going to make it his business. And that is the very same answer the farmer could make to a lot of talk that is shot through the press these days. If other people have gumption and patience enough to keep quiet and mind their own business the farmers will mind theirs and no one will starve. If the farmer wants to take a day's vacation, he has as good right to take it as the other man to two weeks or a month. Let them have a day's rest and they will feel all the better for it and will more than make up for it. Why bless your soul there is no one worrying about how the farmer is going to winter. No one seems to be worried how he is going to find time to haul his wheat to mill and haul it back at the rate of 8 pounds to the dependent in his family. Why he might as well be at a picnic as making 5 trips to Clearfield to mill, 23 miles when one trip would do. Get busy and help "cut out" such time-killing legislation as this and then you will be helping the farmer and he will appreciate the same.

We all want to help all we can but we know what we are at.

Farming is a trade the same as printing, plumbing, or any other trade, and every one is not fitted for it either.

When the writer used to work in the wilds of the Clearfield county woods, and a man that got too "dirty" to drive team they put him cooking in the camp but that has all changed since the woods have all changed to brush patches. And the same is true with the farming question, every one is not capable of farming neither are they capable of giving expert advice. Well now Mr. Editor I don't mean to be exactly personal in this letter, but now-a-days if my shoe does pinch I have to wear it all the same and that is the way we all will have to do. I notice that you say that the other party that wrote up the Goshen flag raising might be the biggest liar in the county, and yet you might be mistaken for he may be a preacher or a deacon. Well! Here's for the old U. S. anyway and to H— with the Kaiser but give us farmers a breathin' spell these hot days and don't forget that it takes more than "hot air and beautiful S unshine to raise the bread we eat.

Very respectfully yours,
One that was NOT at the Goshen flag raising.

FOUR IRVONA BOYS WOUNDED IN BATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. David Mullen have recently received word from the officials at Washington, stating that both of their boys, Alfred and Wier, have been wounded in France. Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey DeWitt have also been informed that their boys George and Dorsey have also been wounded. From what can be learned all the boys are recovering and expect to be on the firing line again soon. It is also reported that Francis Bennett was slightly wounded.—Irvena correspondence of Coalport Standard.

DR. LEWIS C. ROWLES GIVES NOTICE TO HIS PATIENTS.

During my absence in the army, I desire to give notice to my patients that Dr. John W. Gordon will take care of my practice. Also state that my books are at my office, 200 N. Second street where settlement of all accounts may be made.

LEWIS C. ROWLES, M. D.
A22-2t-pd

The gas light company of Malden, Mass., is one of the first in the country to employ young women as meter readers.

SOME ONE SAID:

"A Thrift Stamp A Day Keeps the Kaiser Away"

Do you realize that if everyone in the United States bought one 25-cent Thrift Stamp each day—the expenses of the war would be paid each night?

Figure it out—it's a fact.

ONLY A QUARTER A DAY

Join the Thrift Army today and every day. Help yourself and Uncle Sam.

Clearfield National Bank
"The Bank of Service"

DOUGHGIRLS HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY WITH DOUGHNUTS

By Miss Irene McIntyre
Salvation Army "Doughgirl" in France

(Written for The United Press)
With The American Troops At The Front, Aug. 1. (By Mail)—We doughgirls get sudden order for movement, too, sometimes, much the same as the doughboys do. Our most sudden one came a few days ago—or rather it was night. Most of the army movements are at night, and ours was a midnight one.

Gladys and I had finished a long day's work and were tired after making an unusually large batch of doughnuts. So we turned in early, for the front. Early is about eleven o'clock.

We had no more than fallen asleep when our commanding officer arrived with several other Salvation Army workers. When we had awakened enough to dress and see him the officer informed us we would go in half an hour, and that the new arrivals would take our canteen over.

We hustled to get our affairs together, throwing them into our trunks. Then Gladys grabbed her dog and I caught my pet fox who was out in the bushes, and we were off. We rode almost all night and about daylight came to the Salvation Army headquarters, where we rested for a while.

Off For New Sector

By noon we were off again, bound for a new sector which had never had a Salvation Army hut. It was more than 100 miles down the line from headquarters. We rode in a Ford which was used for carrying supplies to the canteens. Seats were put in the box for us.

By night we had not arrived at our destination, and to avoid arriving at the front too late to be able to get a place for that night we stopped in a small French town. It took a lot of skirmishing around to find hotel accommodations so near the front, but we finally succeeded.

Next morning bright and early, our party arrived in the new home, a little town of Lorraine, very near the line, and more than half in ruins as the result of the boches' work when they invaded this area in 1914 and 1915. Our place was a store room, and the sign over it read "Modern Bar". So we made our canteen out of the bar

room. We were in a new party of eight who were opening huts in this new hilly sector of Lorraine. We had not been at the "Modern Bar" long when our commanding officer assigned us to a little village nearer the front, where we had to begin a new hut.

Picking Out a House

We went out to pick out a house among those in ruins for a new home. Most all of the houses were battered and many had holes in them. We finally chose one which had not been used since the war started except for a stable. It had a big loft and the roof leaked. It was terribly dirty.

But we saw fine possibilities in it for a doughnut kitchen, a canteen for the boys, and a place for them to read. We put in a bid for it with the town major, and he soon informed us he had leased it from the original owner for 99 years, for a pocket full of francs. He refused to take our money to pay for our coming, had taken up a collection to pay for it. We suspect he had a lot to do with it.

Next day we came back, and the officers assigned us details to clean up the place. It was a big job to undertake, but the boys went to work, and the place soon began to look respectable. Some whitewash and curtains, and lots of scrubbing added to its appearance.

We are glad to have the new place open and running now, and we take a lot of pride in having made it our selves, or rather having directed the work that made it. You have a sort of pioneer's feeling after you create a workshop for doughnut making out of an old Lorraine ruin.

PRINTER'S INK USED TO GOOD ADVANTAGE

Printer's ink makes them think, all right, and we can prove our assertion by the Clearfield Electric Supply Company. This up-to-date mercantile concern recently purchased a large supply of electric motor washing machines and being desirous of passing these excellent household labor saving devices along to their customers put the proposition up to their Sales Manager, Mr. Ray Fullerton. Being wise to the game Mr. Fullerton enlisted the services of R. S. Nightingale, advertising manager of The Progress, and a publicity campaign, under the direction of these gentlemen, was started. A daily story was told the people of Clearfield county through the widely

Best For Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago

Wonderful 20th Century Liniment Can Now Be Obtained at Your Drug Store. Is Guaranteed

The shooting, tearing pains of Neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago are speedily relieved, while headache, toothache and earache simply flee. Heavy colds and sore throats that threaten pneumonia and tonsillitis may be cured in a single night—and not only is 20th Century Liniment the relief needed in such cases as this but in practically any painful condition.

There's nothing injurious in 20th Century Liniment. No burning, no grease or stain. It contains such well known remedies as Camphor, Menthol, Iodine (in non-colorable form) many other ingredients prescribed by the highest medical authorities in the land, things that bring soothing relief and real joy to stiff and tired out muscles.

Give yourself a brisk rub with 20th Century Liniment, at night for one week and if you don't feel years younger after following the simple directions take it back to the druggist's and get your money back.

Step into the nearest drug store or stop on your way home at your druggist's and get a bottle. If results are what you want make an effort to get it.

read columns of The Progress with the result that at the end of their thirty day campaign which closed last Thursday they had disposed of \$40.00 worth of washers.

The advertising cost of the entire campaign amounted to less than 4 per cent of the total sales, which should give some idea of the value of judicious advertising.

The first woman to receive the Legion of Honor was Rosa Bonheur, the famous painter of animals.

Iron, Nux Vomica Gentian Make

DR. CHASE'S Blood-Nerve Tablets

A Powerful Blood Builder, A wonderful flesh maker and restorer to the system, giving health, strength and vigor to the weak, emaciated, nervous and overworked. Each dose makes more energy, more power and more strength.

Write Yourself Before Talking
Price 25 cents. Sold through all druggists. United Medicine Co., 224 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.



The Stellar Merchandising Event of The Year

Clearfield's Fourth Annual



DOLLAR DAY

Thursday, August 29th, 1918

A Day of Big Values. A Day That Is More Important This Year
Than Ever Before---The Day That Makes A Dollar Famous

Despite chaotic conditions in the merchandising world we're here again with values that
will make your dollar go farther than at any time during the past year.

A Day Of Unusual Values

A day when we will make every effort to see how much we can give you for your dollar.
A day when every merchant participating has done his utmost to offer a value for a dollar that
gives you half again as much as you can purchase at other times.

Look For The Dollar Day Signs

Every store will be plainly marked. A sign on the window that will be a guide to savings.
Look for these stores---they will be plainly marked.



A. W. Leonardson Co.
Leitzinger Bros.
A. Mirkin
Knepp's Furniture Store
I. W. Nieman
Rosser Furniture Co.
Howe's Jewelry Store
L. S. Hahn

Kurtz Stationery Store
Clearfield Hardware Co.
Brown's Boot Shop
H. J. Flegal
Ladies' Bazaar
Robinson & Co.
Gilliland Bros.
Louis Shapiro

A. J. Hagerty
McCrary's
Ross & Woods
Lytle Bros.
Pollack's
Kennard & Snyder
Overly Bros.
Clearfield Progress



Classified Ads For Everybody

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One good milk cow and week old heifer calf. Call Mr. Edward Gallagher, Irvin Hill, Curwensville, Pa. A20-1tc

FOR SALE—Household furniture to be sold at once at second house beyond hospital. H. & C. phone 221b2. A19-3t-pd

FOR SALE—Six room house, located on Fourth street. All modern conveniences. Lot 25x200. Well drained. A real bargain to quick buyer. Inquire X Y Z c/o Progress. A21-2tc

FOR SALE—One cow and a 3-cow separator. Call C. R. Fullerton, Hyde, Pa. A19-3tp

FOR SALE—Lot No. 16 in block 20 fronting on Clarendon avenue, Hyde City, Pa. Price \$200. Apply to John Beck, Houtzdale, Pa. A21-2tp

FOR SALE—Good Ranger bicycle. Call H. & C. 90 or apply Progress office. A21-2tc

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Girl for general housework. No laundry. Call John Forsyth H. & C. 219. J30-1tc

FIRL WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply Mrs. Cecil Wilson, Old Town Road. A10-1tc

WANTED—Man and wife to run boarding house at industrial plant. Address C, care of Progress. A17-1f

YOU CAN MAKE FINE CANNED PEACHES WITH THIS RECIPE

For canning peaches, allow to every eight quarts two pounds of sugar and three quarts of water. Make a syrup with the sugar and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Peel the peaches, and pack in sterilized quart jars.

Settle the fruit as much as possible by shaking the jar. Fill the hot jars with the boiling syrup. Adjust the top half way over the jar, but do not put on the rubber.

Set the jars in oven in shallow pans half filled with boiling water.

Close the oven door (oven should be only moderately warm) and cook fruit fifteen minutes. Take from oven, adjust rubbers, fill each jar in turn with the boiling syrup, which should have been kept on the back of the stove. Fill so that the scalding liquid runs over, put on top, wipe and seal. Cool and tighten tops.

Invert the jars and dip the tops into a pan of melted Parowax of sufficient depth to immerse them an inch beyond the covers.

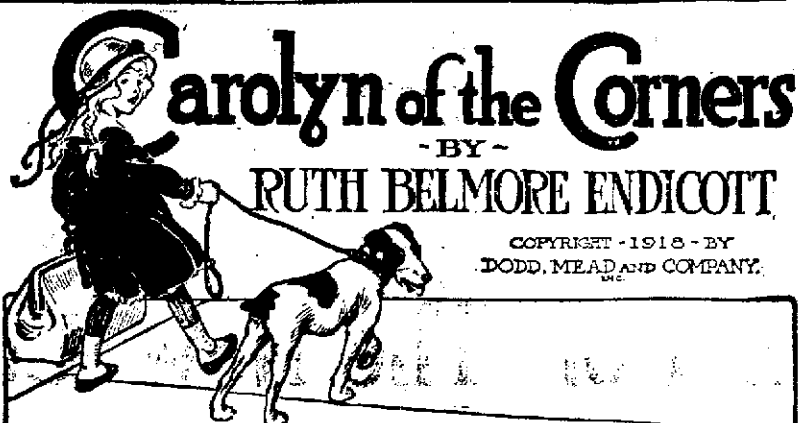
Maude Adams, the celebrated actress, spent a part of her summer vacation as a worker in the Y. M. C. A. hostess house at Camp Upton.

Clearfield People Should Eat Pie Daily

Pie is wholesome, combining both fruit and grain. Those who have trouble digesting pie should take ONE SPOONFUL simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Alder-ka. This flushes the ENTIRE bowel tract, removes foul matter which poisons your stomach for months and relieves AN ACID stomach, gas or constipation and prevents appendicitis. Leaves stomach in condition to digest ANYTHING. C. W. Doolley druggist.



LOUIS DAMMERS
Phila. Eyesight Specialist
ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
Diming Hotel Parlors
WED. AUG. 28, 1918.
Office Hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
LOUIS DAMMERS
807 Chestnut St. Phila. Pa.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Her father, Mr. May, a well-to-do farmer, has died, leaving her a large estate. Carolyn, a young girl, goes to live with her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at The Corners. The reception of herself and her mongrel cur by her uncle and his housekeeper, Aunt Rose Kennedy, is not very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER II—Aunt Rose rules the home with an iron hand, but is not unkind to the child.

CHAPTER III—Stagg learns from a letter from a New York lawyer that the child has been left practically penniless. Carolyn's sunny disposition begins to make an impression on the stern housekeeper.

CHAPTER IV—Carolyn makes the acquaintance of Jeannette Parlow, with whom her uncle has not been on speaking terms for years.

CHAPTER V—She learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER VI—The mongrel wins the approval of the entire household by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the school teacher.

CHAPTER VII—While Carolyn and her uncle are taking a Sunday walk in the woods they encounter Amanda Parlow. The dog kills a snake about to strike Amanda and Stagg and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chet Gormley Tells Some News.

It was when she came in sight of the Parlow place on Monday afternoon, she and Prince, that Carolyn May bethought her of the very best person in the world with whom to advise upon the momentous question which so troubled her.

Who could be more interested in the happiness of Miss Amanda than Mr. Parlow himself?

The little girl had been going to call on Miss Amanda. Aunt Rose had said she might and Miss Amanda had invited her "specially."

But the thought of taking the old carpenter into her confidence and advising with him delayed that visit. Mr. Parlow was busy on some piece of cabinet work, but he nodded briskly to the little girl when she came to the door of the shop and looked in.

"Are you very busy, Mr. Parlow?" she asked him after a watchful minute or two.

"My hands be, Carolyn May," said the carpenter in his dry voice.

"Oh!"

"But I kin listen to ye—and I kin talk."

"Oh, that's nice! Did you hear about what happened yesterday?"

"Eh?" he queried, eying her quizzically. "Does anything ever happen on Sunday?"

"Something did on this Sunday," cried the little girl. "Didn't you hear about the snake?"

"What d'ye mean—snake?"

And then little Carolyn May explained. She told the story with such earnestness that he stopped working to listen.

"Humph!" was his grunted comment at the end. "Well?"

"Don't you think that was real exciting?" asked Carolyn May. "And just see how it almost brought my Uncle Joe and your Miss Amanda together. Don't you see?"

Mr. Parlow actually jumped. "What's that you say, child?" he rasped out grimly. "Bring Mandy and Joe Stagg together? Well, I guess not!"

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, don't you think that would be just be-a-you-ti-ful?" cried the little girl with a lingering emphasis upon the most important word. "Don't you see how happy they would be?"

"I don't know as anybody's particular anxious to see that daughter of mine and Joe Stagg friendly again. No good would come of it."

Carolyn May looked at him sorrowfully. Mr. Parlow had quite disappointed her. It was plain to be seen that he was not the right one to advise with about the matter. The little girl sighed.

"I really did s'pose you'd want to see Miss Amanda happy, Mr. Parlow," she whispered.

"Happy? Bah!" snarled the old man, setting vigorously to work again. He acted as if he wished to say no more and let the little girl depart without another word.

Carolyn May really could not understand it—at least she could not immediately.

That Mr. Parlow might have a selfish reason for desiring to keep his daughter and Joseph Stagg apart did not enter the little girl's mind.

After that Sunday walk, however, Carolyn May was never so much afraid of her uncle as before. Why, he had even called Prince "good dog!" Truly Mr. Joseph Stagg was being transformed—slowly.

He could not deny to himself that, to a certain extent, he was enjoying the presence of his little niece at The Corners. If he only could decide just what to do with the personal property of his sister Hannah and her husband down in the New York apartment. Never in his life had he been so long deciding a question.

He had really loved Hannah. He knew it now, did Joseph Stagg, every time he looked at the lovely little child who had come to live with him at The Corners. Why? Just so had Hannah looked when she was a little

thing. The same deep, violet eyes and sunny hair and laughing lips—

Carolyn May sometimes actually found a resemblance to the dear old figure of "Hannah's Carolyn" coming between him and the big ledger over which he spent so many of his waking hours.

Once he looked up from the ledger—it was on a Saturday morning—and really did see the bright figure of the little girl standing before him. It was no dream or fancy, for old Jimmy, the cat, suddenly shot to the topmost shelf, squalling with wild abandon. Prince was losing along at Carolyn May's side.

"Bless me!" croaked Mr. Stagg. "That dog of yours, Carolyn May, will give Jimmy a competition fit yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunt Rose had sent the little girl down to tell Mr. Stagg to come home and "drive his own bargain."

"Well, well," said Mr. Stagg, looking the ledger in the safe. "I'll hustle right out and tend to it. Don't see why the man couldn't have waited till noontime. Hey, you, Chet! Look out for the store. Don't have any fooling. And—"

"Oh, uncle! may I stay, too? Me and Prince?" cried Carolyn May. "We'll be good."

"Tshaw! Yes, if you want to," responded Mr. Stagg, hurrying away. "My! your uncle's changin' more and more, ain't he?" remarked Chet, the optimistic. "He does sometimes almost laugh, Carolyn. I never see the heat of it!"

"Oh, is he?" cried the little child. "Is he looking up more? Do you think he is, Chet?"

"I positively do," Chet assured her. "And he hasn't always got his nose in that old ledger?"

"Well—I wouldn't say that he neglected business, no, ma'am," said the boy honestly. "You see, we men have got to think of business mostly. But he sure is thinkin' of some other things too—y'asus, indeedy!"

"What things, Chet?" Carolyn May asked anxiously, hoping that Uncle Joe had shown some recovered interest in Miss Amanda and that Chet had noticed it.

"Why—well— Now, you see, there's that house you used to live in. You know about that?"

"What about it, Chet?" the little girl asked rather timidly.

"Well, Mr. Stagg ain't never done nothin' about it. He ain't sold it, nor sold the furniture, nor nothin'." You know, Carolyn May, your folks didn't leave you no money."

"Oh! Didn't they?" cried Carolyn May, greatly startled.

"No. You see, I heard all about it. Mr. Vickers, the lawyer, came in here one day and your uncle read a letter to him out loud. I couldn't help but hear. The letter was from another lawyer and 'twas all about you and your concerns. I heard it all," said the quite innocent Chet.

"And Mr. Vickers says: 'So the child hasn't anything of her own, Joe?' Chet went on. 'And your uncle says: 'Not a dollar, 'cept what I might sell that furniture for.' And he hasn't sold it yet, I know. He just can't make up his mind to sell them things that was your mother's, Carolyn May," added the boy, with a deeper insight into Mr. Stagg's character than one might have given him credit for possessing.

But Carolyn May had heard some news that made her suddenly quiet and she was glad a customer came into store just then to draw Chet Gormley's attention.

The child had never thought before about how the good things of life came to her—her food, clothes and lodging. But now Chet Gormley's chatter had given her a new view of the facts of the case. There had been no money left to spend for her needs. Uncle Joe was just keeping her out of charity!

"And Prince, too," thought the little girl, with a lump in her throat. "He hasn't got any more home than a rabbit! And Uncle Joe don't really like dogs—not even now."

"Oh, dear me!" pursued Carolyn May. "It's awful hard to be an orphan. But to be a poor orphan—just a charity one—is a whole lot worse, I guess. I wonder if I ought to stay with Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose and make them so much trouble?"

The thought hit deep into the little girl's very impressionable mind. She wished to be alone and to think over this really tragic thing that faced her—the ugly fact that she was a "charity child."

"And you're a charity one, Prince," Cameron," she said, looking down at the mongrel who walked sedately beside her along the country road.

The little girl had followed alone the road until it was now darker there. Indeed, Aunt Rose would have had the man on the table twenty minutes earlier. Mr. Stagg had evidently remained at The Corners to sell the cow and eat dinner—there waiting for the birds to fly home.

And here, Carolyn May and Prince were at Mr. Parlow's carpenter shop, just as the old man was taking off his

apron preparatory to going in to his dinner. When Miss Amanda was away nursing, the carpenter ate at a neighbor's table.

Now Miss Amanda appeared on the side porch.

"Where are you going, little girl?" she asked, smiling.

"Home to Aunt Rose," said Carolyn May bravely. "But I guess I'm late for dinner."

"Don't you want to come in and eat with us, Carolyn May? Your own dinner will be cold."

"Oh, may I?" cried the little girl. Somehow she did not feel that she could face Uncle Joe just now with this new thought that Chet Gormley's words had put into her heart. Then she hesitated, with her hand on the gate latch.

"Well, there be some scraps for Prince," she asked. "Or bones?"

"I believe I can find something for Prince," Miss Amanda replied. "I owe him more than one good dinner, I guess, for killing that snake. Come in and we will see."

Carolyn May thought that Miss Amanda, in her house dress and ruffled apron, with sleeves turned back above her dimpled, brown elbows, was prettier than ever. Her cheerful observations quite enlivened Carolyn May again.

"I think you are lovely, Miss Amanda," she said as she helped wipe the

dishes after the carpenter had gone back to the shop. "I shall always love you. I guess that anybody who ever did love you would keep right on doing so till they died! They just couldn't help it!"

"Indeed?" said the woman, laughing. "And how about you, Chicken Little? Aren't you universally beloved too?"

"Oh, I don't expect so, Miss Amanda," said the child. "I wish I was."

"Why aren't you?"

"I—I— Well, I guess it's just because I'm not," Carolyn May said desperately. "You see, after all, Miss Amanda, I'm only a charity child."

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed Miss Amanda. "Who told you that?"

"I—I just heard about it," confessed the little visitor.

"Not from Aunt Rose Kennedy?"

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Did that— Did your uncle tell you such a thing?"

"Oh, no! He's just as good as he can be. But of course he doesn't like children. You know he doesn't. And he just 'bominates' dogs!"

"So, you see," added the child, "I am charity. I do not like other girls that's got papas and mammas. Course I knowed that before, but it didn't seem—seem so hard as it does now," she confessed with a sob.

"My dear! my dear!" cried Miss Amanda, dropping on her knees beside the little girl, "don't talk so! I know your uncle must love you."

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" gasped Carolyn May, "don't you s'pose he loves other folks, too? You know—folks he'd begun to love ever so long ago?"

The woman's smooth cheeks burned suddenly and she stood up.

"I'm 'most sure he'd never stop loving a person if he'd once begun to love 'em," said Carolyn May, with a high opinion of the faithfulness of Uncle Joe's character.

"Do you want to know if your Uncle Joe loves you?" she asked Carolyn May at last. "Do you?"

"Oh, I do!" cried the little girl. "Then ask him," advised Miss Amanda. "That's the only way to do with Joe Stagg, if you want to get at the truth. Out with it, square, and ask him."

"I will do it," Carolyn May said firmly.

After the child had gone the woman went back into the little cottage and her countenance did not wear the farewell smile that Carolyn May had looked back to see.

Gripping at her heart was the old pain she had suffered years before and the conflict that had seared her mind so long ago was roused again.

"Oh, Joe! Oh, Joe! How could you?" she moaned, rocking herself to and fro. "How could you?"

That very night the first snow flurry of the season drove against the west window panes of the big kitchen at The Corners. It was a happy time.

"I declare for it," said Mr. Stagg, "I guess we'll have a good one, Aunt Rose!" This snow did not amount to much. It was little more than a hoar frost, as Mr. Stagg said. This might be, however, the last chance for a Sunday walk in the woods for some time, and Carolyn May did not propose to miss it.

On this day she earnestly desired

to get him off by himself, for her heart was filled with a great purpose. She felt that they must come to an understanding.

On this particular occasion Uncle Joe sat down upon the log by the brook where Miss Amanda had once sat. Carolyn May stood before him.

"Am I just a charity orphan? Didn't my papa leave any money at all for me? Did you take me just out of charity?"

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"I—I wish you'd answer me, Uncle Joe," went on Carolyn May with a brave effort to keep from crying.

Joseph Stagg was too blunt a person to keep his eyes from judging the question.

"Huh! Well, I'll tell you, Carolyn May. There isn't much left, and that's a fact. It isn't your father's fault. He thought there was plenty. But a business he invested in got into bad hands and the little nest egg he'd laid up for his family was lost."

"Then—then I am just charity. And so's Prince," whispered Carolyn May. "I—I s'pose we could go to the poorhouse, Prince and me; but they mayn't like dogs there. You're real nice to me, Uncle Joe; but Prince and me—we really are a nuisance to you."

The man stared at her for a moment in silence, but the flush that dyed his cheeks was a flush of shame.

"Don't you like it any more here with Aunt Rose and—me?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes! Only—only, Uncle Joe, I don't want to stay, if we're a nuisance, Prince and me. I don't want to stay, if you don't love me."

Joseph Stagg had become quite excited.

"Bless me!" he finally cried once more. "How do you know I don't love you, Carolyn May?"

"Why—why— But, Uncle Joe! how do I know you do love me?" demanded the little girl. "You never told me so!"

The startled man sank upon the log again.

"Well, maybe that's so," he murmured. "I s'pose it isn't my way to be very—very—softlike. But listen here, Carolyn May."

"Yes, sir."

"I ain't likely to tell you very frequently how much I—I think of you. Ahem! But you'd better stop worrying about such things as money and the like. What I've got comes pretty near belonging to you. Anyway, unless I have to go to the poorhouse myself, I reckon you needn't worry about going," and he coughed again dryly.

"As far as loving you— Well, I'll admit, under cross-examination, that I love you."

"Dear Uncle Joe!" she sighed ecstatically. "I don't mind if I am charity."

"If You Love Me It Takes All the Sting Out."

(To Be Continued)

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Guard M. Butler, of Woodland, and Jeannette Wisor, of Boyes.

Merrill L. Newton and Carrie L. King, both of Westover.

Charles Kubicina and Hele Merwik, both of Madera.

Sam Sawchynsky and Rosa Baber, both of Smoke Run.

Grover C. Noll, of Clearfield and Dora Shaffer, of Mahaffey.

Charles Kenneth Barton, of Erie, and Maude Cummings, of Duluth.

Leo Denton and Marie Shesser, both of Union township.

John Thomas Butterworth, Jr., of Gearhartville and Cora Dixon, of Chester Hill.

Homer Pearce, of Union township, and Sue Atherton, of Duluth.

J. M. Hand and Lena O'Laughlin, both of Curwensville.

Oldest of women's colleges in Key England is Smith College, founded in 1871 with funds bequeathed by Sophia Smith, noted educator and philanthropist.

Protect the dependents of his fathers with Life Insurance. Who will protect your dependents if you die

Helmhold & Stewart
Sayder Block



Pretty Gingham For School Dresses

With the opening of school only a matter of a week or so away and the girls ready and anxious to start, along comes the matter of dresses.

We have some of the prettiest, daintiest patterns that, even in normal times, would be hard to duplicate.

Plaids, bars, stripes in one- and two-color combinations, and plain colors that will make up nicely and launder exceptionally well.

Come in and see them.

Ross & Woods

THE HOME OF THE EDUCATOR SHOE

Are You Ready for Buckwheat Harvest

The work will be quicker and easier with a Schwab Grain Cradle.

We have just received a new stock.

The price is right.

May we show them to you?

CLEARFIELD HARDWARE CO.

125 Market St

Clearfield, Pa.

TRY A PROGRESS "WANT AD"

LAST YEAR'S LENSES SHOULD BE CHECKED UP

A child's lenses should change with the years. Last year's lenses may have corrected the trouble. Have your boy or girl drop in and have our graduate optometrist examine his or her eyes. He'll be frank. If the trouble is corrected you may discard your glasses. If your child needs a new lens he'll be equally frank.

HOWE'S

Jeweler and Optometrist
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Clearfield County Fair September 17-18-19-20, 1918

4 --- BIG DAYS --- 4

This will be the biggest and best Fair Clearfield County has ever held. A department for all exhibits and big exhibits in all departments. This is an agricultural Fair, held strictly for the best interests of Clearfield County and all its allied industries.

A fine big program of clean attractions will be provided. Send for complete premium list or write to the Secretary for information.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY FAIR

T. L. Wall, Secretary.

LETTERS FROM OUR
SOLDIER BOYSLETTER FROM DORSEY
POLKINGHORNFrance,
July 7, 1918.

Dear Dad:

Just a few lines to let you know I am feeling great and hope this little greeting finds you feeling the same. We are at present playing a waiting game. They were shelling our position this morning and we expect to move now most any time. We were under fire for the first time this morning and it made me feel as tho I was taking a cold shower.

I suppose you have seen by the papers over home how our boys are going over the top. Well, according to the dope we get, there isn't a better Division than ours over here. Some of our boys have seen more real action than some of them who have been here for a year.

As yet I have had no reason for complaining. We are all over here for a purpose and we all realize that until it is accomplished we will have lots of reasons to be glad and, of course, lots of disappointments.

As yet we are the same old bunch you saw in Camp Upton and I hope you will be at New York when we get back and see the same old bunch again.

I would have liked to have been in Paris on the Fourth, but we were having a celebration all our own. There must have been some great times back home on the Fourth. I saw different accounts in the papers about the big doings. We get a daily paper here most every day and I believe we get more real war dope than you get back home. I will send a few clippings from today's New York Herald, which will show you what our boys are really doing over here. The old Kaiser said he never saw a better bunch of fighters than the Americans. I believe the old boy realizes that we are going to make a real clean-up on him.

There was one place up on the line where it was rather quiet and the French and Germans made it up between them not to fire on each other certain days so they could wash their clothes in a stream close by. That is all over now. They sent a bunch of real soldiers up there and it is the liveliest place on the line now.

Well, Dad, I have told you about all the news, so when you write tell me all about the doings back home for I am sure hungry for some news from a real town. Will close, hoping to hear from you soon. With best wishes and love to all,

Your son,

DORSEY.

LETTER FROM JAMES BALL

Dear Father and All:

Am well and having a good time as usual. I just got in this morning about daylight. Out all night, you know a fellow cannot drive any in the daylight or he sure will get bumped off. Myself and three other truck drivers took part of the company out last night. By some turn of circumstances I got away from the other fellows and I never had such a time in my life. About every twenty feet a sentry would stop me and ask for the password and the first shot out of the box I got tangled up in a little old village that had been shot all to pieces. I started down a little alley and run right into a graveyard and a few other things that naturally get a fellow's goat in the dark. Climbing off the truck with a good grip on my trusty 45 I starts to wandering around and at last finds a sentry who told me where to go but that did not end it. It started to rain and before long we were lost again. Ran into some gas but our gas masks helped us out on that. After trying many roads we finally found one that led somewhere and along about daylight recognized the right road and the one leading into our camp. Some night, I ought to be sleeping but I wanted to tell you about it before I take my sleep for today.

Your son,

JAMES BALL.

LETTER FROM JAMES EATON

Camp Taylor, Ky.,
Aug. 11th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:

Just a few lines this evening, as it is our study hour, and we have to study until 9 o'clock at night. You see we don't have any time to ourselves.

Does Your Roof
Need Painting?

Let me put 12 years new life in your old roof with my XX Special Roof Paint. All my work guaranteed.

A. A. Turner

I suppose I will be a commissioned officer by the 17th of this month. We are to have a big time here on that day. The Secretary of War is coming to graduate us.

There are about 10,000 men here at this school. They come from all over the United States. They are all supposed to be college men, but I am getting along just as well as they are. I am an instructor now.

All the men who are to graduate next Saturday are sending home to their fathers for money to buy clothes. It is a good thing I had some saved as it costs us a lot of money for our clothes. (It will cost me a hundred dollars.) My pay will be one hundred and seventy dollars a month then.

If they have any pictures made of the class I will send you one. You can wish me good luck Saturday and think of me on that day.

It sure is hot down here. I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you as you owe me a letter now.

Your loving son,

JAMES H. EATON,

F. A. O. T. C. 4th Battery,

Camp Taylor, Ky.

TODAY'S EVENTS

1483rd day of the Great War.

Fortieth anniversary of Serbian independence.

Centennial anniversary of the launching of the Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic.

One hundred years ago today died Warren Hastings, who laid the foundation for British rule in India.

The Western Swedish Methodist Episcopal Conference meets today at Harcourt Iowa, with Bishop Thomas Nicholson presiding.

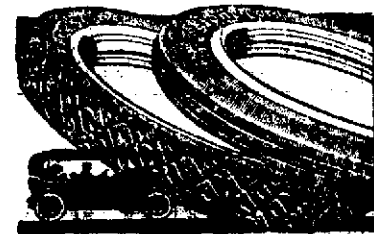
The first young people's convention of all American Lutherans of Norwegian extraction will begin its sessions today at Red Wing, Minn.

A general invitation has been extended to the people of New Hampshire to visit the State College at Durham today to witness the training of the army detachment there and to inspect the other war activities of the institution.

The general business of the Grand Army national encampment at Portland, Ore., will be concluded today, although a large proportion of the visitors are expected to remain in the city and its vicinity for purposes of sightseeing during the remainder of the week.

Eminent lawyers from every state in the Union, each an authorized commissioner, are to assemble in Cleveland today to advance the ancient movement to standardize the more important statutes of the various States. It is expected that the soldier vote will be among the subjects brought up for consideration.

When Queen Alexandra opened the Y. M. C. A. hut in London some time ago, as she was going out she noticed a pile of khaki Y. M. C. A. Testaments and, picking up one, inquired the price. When told it was a shilling she smilingly intimated that she had no money. The attendant smiled, as did also the Queen, at the dilemma, but they begged Her Majesty to accept the book as a gift, and she carried the Testament away as a memento.

You'll Agree
With Our
JudgmentYOUR experience will back up
our decision to recommend
Firestone Cord Tires.

We didn't judge hastily. But when we found that the inside construction of Firestone Cord Tires so greatly reduced internal friction, we concluded that this tire would stand up.

And it does. Try it. You'll get Most Miles per Dollar. You'll get more speed, comfort that will surprise you and a real gasoline saving.

Come in and see the Firestone Cord cross section. Also examine the improved Firestone Fabric Tire.

CLEARFIELD HARDWARE CO.

Clearfield, Pa.

125 Market St.

NEWS OF

TOWN OF
CURWENSVILLE

The ball game advertised to come off on the home grounds yesterday between DuBois and Curwensville, started on schedule time, three innings was played when trouble arose and the game came to an abrupt termination. The score when the game broke up stood 3 to 0 in favor of Curwensville.

Mrs. Mame Sample, of Pittsburgh is visiting with her mother, brothers and sisters in town. She was a daughter of the late James Norris before her marriage.

Clyde Spencer, a brother of Ned Spencer one of the foremen at the sale leather tannery, arrived in town from Chicago Tuesday evening. He went to Chicago some years ago and joined the police force. Afterwards he was transferred to the fire department, in east Chicago.

Bricklayers commenced work on the Orrie Norris new house yesterday. The structure will be a case brick.

Chief of Police Clark rounded up some peddlers yesterday who were worrying the housewives almost to death to buy their wares.

Word has been received from Mr. Hess who was operated on in a hospital for appendicitis that he is getting along nicely and will be able to come home in a week or two.

G. W. Bell, the honey man from Greenwood township was a town visitor yesterday.

Two autoists on their way to Curwensville from Grampian Tuesday night had some difficulty. They got out of the machine and after the smoke of battle had cleared away one of the combatants looked as though he had been in a first-class wreck.

Morris Kephart and family left yesterday for Osceola for a visit to kin folks before going to her home in Johnstown. Mr. Kephart is time-keeper and paymaster for the Harris fire brick people.

Mr. Bixler is arranging to move his Herald office into the west room of the brick building lately purchased by the McNaull estate.

The body of Mrs. Lester Caldwell who died in Clearfield will be brought to this place for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Browne, of Millersburg, arrived in town yesterday and will spend several weeks visiting with relatives.

Mrs. S. J. Richards is improving slowly in the Clearfield hospital and will be able to be brought home in a few weeks.

Chief Police Clark desires us to state that he will soon round up his tenth year as a policeman in this borough instead of six years as was stated in the Curwensville letter a few days ago. We make this correction in justice to himself as well as to the chief.

Captain Kratzer on Saturday told the writer of a peculiar incident that came under his observation during the battle of Gettysburg. He was wounded in the arm, and was on his way to the rear to have his wound dressed. He came to a small shelter tent in which he heard some one praying. He looked under the flap of the tent to see what was wrong. Within were two men, a Federal and a Confederate. Both had been shot in exactly the same manner as to put both men totally blind. The Federal soldier was praying that death might come and release him from his affliction. His enemy, the Confederate, was trying his best to console him and make him realize that God would have some work that he could do for Him even though he was sightless. The Captain said that this was one of the most pathetic episodes that he had ever witnessed during his entire five years of army life, and he silently closed the tent flap and stole away leaving both friend and once his enemy alone with their grief. Probably a few hours before each was trying his best to kill the other, when the Father above saw fit to send affliction on each alike. Certain it was the "Reb" was trying to play the good Samaritan toward his once bitter enemy.

There seems to be some antagonism on the part of some of our citizens in regard to spending a big sum of money for new fire apparatus at this

LEITZINGER BROS.

LEITZINGER BROS.

The First of The New Coats, Suits
And Dresses for The Autumn Season

We particularly desire our patrons to see these garments and make early selections. We placed our orders early and have excellent grades of stylish garments on hand at the present time which we cannot duplicate later on account of the shortage of woolen materials for civilian use

Ladies' Tailored Suits

We have several pretty models of all wool poplin and gabardine. Navy and black, new style braid trimmed jackets and skirts. All sizes 16 to 46 at \$25.00.

Excellent Men's Wear
Serge Suits

Beautifully tailored models, bone button trimmings \$28.50 and \$29.50

Tailored Suits

Of oxford silvertone suiting, braid trimmed, \$35.00.

Fine Serge Suits

Navy and black. Plain tailored and dressy suits trimmed with soutache and other braids, \$37.50; \$45.00 and \$50.00. . .

Silver Tone Velour Suits

Very fine quality. Taupe, navy, Pekin, oxford and plum shades \$48.50 to \$60.00

Stout and Stylish Stout Models

In navy and black serge and poplin \$30 to \$40.

LEITZINGER

---EVERYBODY'S STORE---

WHY NOT
W. S. S. OR
THRIFT
STAMPS?NIGHT SHIFTS FOR
MINES MAY BE THE
NEXT FEDERAL MOVE

Their alleged hostility to the purchase arises from the fact that the borough would be compelled to issue bonds in order to procure the needed amount of money which is true. Those who are against the purchase also say that the borough ought not to contract any more indebtedness until the present one is lessened and cut down to a certain amount. Whether the purchase will be made this year, seems to be a question that will have to be fought out by ballot. Quite a number of taxpayers are neutral on the question and are waiting to see what council is going to do in the matter.

According to report bears are rather plentiful out on the "barrens". Several of the animals have been seen by berry pickers and only a little over a week ago two or three half grown bears visited the sheep fold of one of the outlying farmers and carried away a sheep or two. A number of shots were fired at him but none of the bullets penetrated his hide.

A service flag will be presented to the Curwensville Baptist church with appropriate exercises next Sunday the 25th, at 11 a. m. to which all are invited.

The wife of Winston Churchill, the English statesman, is one of the most versatile women in society, and as a platform speaker she has few equals. She has a finished style of oratory, and though usually she only speaks on occasions to which the lighter vein is suitable, she can be, if necessary, most earnest and impressive.

Miners in the Central Pennsylvania district willing to work at night and thus help speed up the coal production will soon have the opportunity to show greater patriotism, if plans being worked out by the federal officials develop.

Night activity in the mines will be possible only in the fields where electric power stations are inadequate to meet demands of consumers during the ordinary working schedule. Representations to the miner's union of officials met with favorable results.

Great hesitancy was shown by federal authorities in taking up this project in the Central Pennsylvania field as well as in other territory, as they realized the magnitude of the sacrifice asked of the miners in changing from the established plan of working during the day time.

Complete change of working hours will be resorted to only when it is impossible to obtain power during part of the day. Electrical engineers are investigating and studying better methods of distributing power from the ordinary working schedule. In some localities one mine will be given power during the morning and another in the afternoon. . . .

Women are taking an active part in the Illinois primary campaign.

A CERTAINTY

The Kaiser's knees are slowly sagging. His back is growing weak. Our loyal Allies are striking hard. Upon his prince's back. They say that Wilhelm wanted to cross the broad Atlantic ocean. But of late, it seems, he's changed his mind. And has a different notion. We have a man at Washington, Woodrow Wilson, by lucky name. Across the sea he sent the Yanks To show their fighting fame: The hellish Huns in their retreat, Are racing fast towards Berlin; But to my mind as things now stand, Our boys are sure to win. With the steadiness of death, They are wrenching their way. And we're hoping to see 'em triumph Some very fine day. For there's a sparkling dawn a-brewing, In the far off eastern skies— 'Tis a dawn of world-wide freedom, For us, our brave boys and the Allies. —ANTHONY PAPPANO, Clearfield, Pa.

THE FRENCHVILLE PICNIC

The Frenchville picnic yesterday attracted the usual large crowd of picnickers and a handsome sum was realized.

As has always been the case, there was not a rain drop within a thousand miles of the place and everybody enjoyed themselves to the limit. A number of people were present. A number of people were there who had attended everyone of the forty picnics

held at Frenchville. We didn't get started to going until 1890, but we have just missed two since that time.

NO HOLIDAY SEPT. 2 FOR
RIMERSBURG COAL DIGGERS

Rimersburg, Pa., Aug. 20.—Miners in this vicinity have resolved to work as usual Labor Day, September 2, that no coal production in that section will be lost, and have further agreed to turn over each man's wages to the Rimersburg Auxiliary of the Red Cross.

To match the effort of these miners, officials of the Acme Gas Coal company the Lehner Coal company and the Halmer Coal company, have agreed to turn over to the same Red Cross organization 50 per cent. of their payrolls for Labor Day.

DIVORCE NOTICE

In the Court of Common Pleas of Clearfield County, Pa.
BESSIE MYERS
VS.
ROBERT R. MYERS
No. 24, February Term, 1918.
To Robert R. Myers:

You are hereby notified that the undersigned Commissioner, appointed by the Court to take the testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the Court with form of decree, will sit for the purpose of the appointment at his office in the Clearfield Trust Company Building in the Borough of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday the 17th day of September, 1918, at 11 o'clock, a. m. when and where you may attend if you think proper.
GEORGE E. BIGLER,
Commissioner.
A22-29, S-5.

GLOBE THEATRE TONIGHT

Special World Brady feature Jackie Saunders with all star cast in "THE TWIN TRIANGLE" photodrama of universal appeal and charm in 5 acts

THE BULL'S EYE

Episode No. 6
Music by the orchestra
Matinee 10c, 15c Night 15c

COMING TOMORROW

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY Madge Kennedy with all star cast in "THE DANGER GAME" 6 great acts

Universal Weekly
A big feature everywhere

Current Events
The world before your eyes
8 Reels in all 8

UNIFORM ASSESSMENTS TO BE DISCUSSED

County Commissioners Dale, Spencer and Haney and Clerk L. C. Norris went to DuBois today for the purpose of taking part in a joint meeting of the County Commissioners of Elk, Jefferson, Clarion, Indiana and Clearfield counties, which has for its purpose the making of a uniform assessment in the different counties.

This is a very necessary proposition and grows out of a state-wide movement inaugurated at the County Commissioners State Convention held in Pittsburgh recently.

VISITED NEW BRIDGE SITE

Engineers representing the Public Service commission, New York Central Railroad and the county commissioners visited the site of the new bridge across Clearfield creek beyond the county home this morning for the purpose of settling a dispute between the railroad company and commissioners regarding the boundary line of the new bridge and the approach to the bridge.

The British Labor party has issued a call for a convention of women of Great Britain to be held in London in October. The convention will consider the political and civil rights of women, and it is expected to demand the right of membership in the House of Commons for them.

England has 164 policewomen.

Flegal Is Selling Any Straw Hat In The Store for \$1.00

Notice to Draymen

The Clearfield Driving association is in need of dirt or shales for filling low places and on the east side of the new building. You can help build up the park by hauling your extra loads to the grounds. Robert Shaw will direct you where to unload same.

Clfd. Park Assn.

DETAILS OF FIGHT AT HAMEL SHOW BRAVERY OF YANKS

By G. E. W. Bean
Official War Correspondent For the Australian Government

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, July 20 (By Mail).—Many of the details of the fighting by which Hamel was captured by Australian and American on July 4, reflecting great credit upon the assaulting troops, have not been related publicly. When our barrage came down and the infantry advanced in the grey morning light towards Hamel, they were continually carried a drifting mist from the smoke of the barrage across the front. This made the dawn far darker than it should otherwise have been. The bursts of our own shells were most difficult to see thru the mist ahead. Australians, many of whom have followed a barrage like this many times before, could often only tell where the barrage was by seeing our own shrapnel shells bursting overhead.

American infantry who had not seen or heard shells before pluckily faced the extraordinary difficulty of knowing where they were by keeping the eye on Australians.

Watched Australians. "We just looked out to see that we kept in line with them," said one of their officers. "So long as we kept going while they were going, we knew we were all right." At the beginning of the fight one American platoon, for example, was pushing straight on into our barrage. The Australian company commander saw this and pulled it back. The next time when the barrage started he noticed that this platoon did not move on to follow it.

"Well, how about getting on with the fight?" he asked. "Has the barrage moved yet?" they asked. "Why it has gone on a good half minute," he said. The Americans were up at once, hurrying after it. Men from the two forces worked shoulder to shoulder wherever the fighting was thick.

An Australian Lewis gunner was facing a German machine gun team with his gun at his hip, when an American sergeant dashed out and bayoneted three.

Take Dugout Full of Men. An Australian with two Americans who spoke German were detailed to search for dugouts. Working by themselves, immediately after the attacking troops had passed they found a dugout which they realized was important. The Americans called down the entrance and a battalion commander and 3 other officers and 23 men surrendered.

Many Americans are still wearing the colors of Australian battalions to which they were attached; many others who should not have been in this fight had themselves successfully when orders came to go out. Indeed some Americans lost their lives fighting beside Australians in Hamel who by rights should have been many miles away. Never was firmer friendship made than on this battlefield.

One American platoon went in under an Australian officer. When he was hit it went on under the guidance of his runner who had had experience on other battlefields. Three times in one corner of this fight one head of privates playing the part of officers.

One company commander in the dense smoke drifting through Hamel Wood lost touch with his main body. Later he found it again. It had gone on exactly as planned.

Private Works Alone

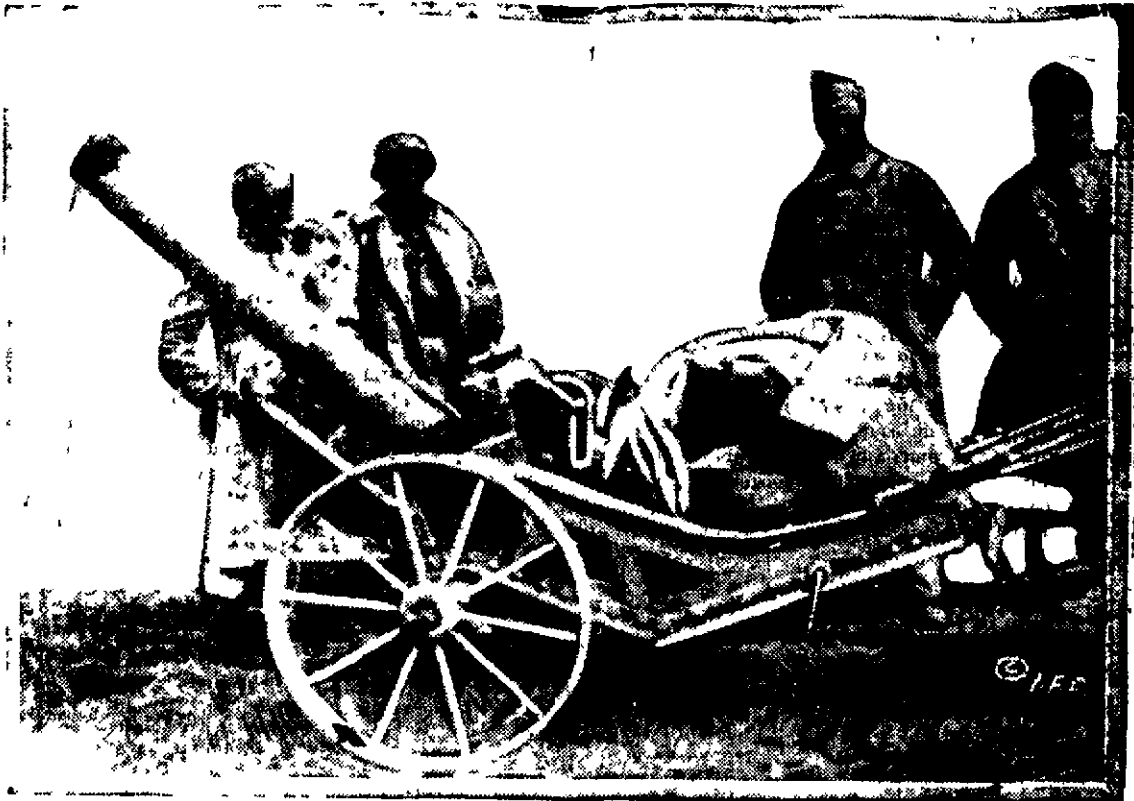
At the same part of the fight an Australian private found himself isolated except for a few scattered men belonging to other companies. He immediately organized a party of 10, cleared dugouts in the village and captured one German officer and 20 men, and sent them off to the rear under an escort. At the opposite corner of the village an Australian corporal found in a house which was burning from shellfire a dump of rifle ammunition and bombs. This turned out to be an old store of British ammunition which had remained there since the village of Hamel was taken by the Germans on April 4. The corporal saved from the house 10,000 rounds of ammunition and some bombs.

The same Australians who fought at Bullecourt where the tanks were not so successful as now, are full of warm praise of the tanks. Time after time the tanks went straight at obstacles which the infantry wanted removed, and flattened them out. One tank moved straight along the bank of a sunken road breaking down a shelter along its whole length where Germans had been holding out. Naturally the Germans would not face them.

Big Tank Rifle

The Germans fired on the tanks with a special giant rifle. "Just the sort of thing one would expect a German anti-tank rifle to be," one officer told us. But the whole battalion of tanks only had 12 men wounded. The tanks constantly rubbed out machine-

New French Gun Helps In Driving The Germans Back.



This new French 155m gun, a trench mortar, has done wonderful work in the present counter-offensive against the Germans. It was carried with the infantry everywhere, and was very successful.

Gossip for Tonight's Tea Table

E. P. Hann and son Victor from Newberry are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Schwartz in the East End.

Eva Bloom McVicker, of Erie, Pa., is spending two weeks with her sister Mrs. Geo. Root, of Dinseling, Pa. Miss McVicker is a graduate nurse of Erie hospital and is waiting her call to serve her country under the army nurse corps.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jud Cairns Tuesday evening, August 20, an 8 pound girl.

Mr. and Mrs. David Fleming of Albany, N. Y., is visiting relatives in Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Boyle and Mrs. J. M. Sullivan, of DuBois, attended the Frenchville picnic yesterday, making the trip by automobile.

GERMANY TRYING TO BLUFF US WITH HER PEACE PLEAS AGAIN

By Carl D. Groat
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
Washington, Aug. 22.—American officials today characterized as Boche "under ground" reports, that Germany is making a new peace move. The State Department dispersed the yarns with statements that nothing official has been received regarding the action. In other high governmental circles the reports were frankly named as German propaganda of the old familiar type. Its purpose is to cause a let down in American efforts in that German is ready to quit.

"That is not the cause," said one prominent official. "If Germany were ready to quit you would see a real peace offensive but Germany, on the other hand, the people who rule her, are not ready to quit. If they quit without a victorious peace it would mean the Hohenzollern bosses would be out of a job. We have them on the run and victory is with us. You can make up your mind that the peace chatter is German propaganda."

It may be said that the general opinion here is the same as General March's that the war will end next year providing America puts her whole soul to the task.

gun posts where the Germans did not wait for their approach.

As the line swept on in the grey light past an awkward point known as "pear" trench, a machinegun opened from ahead. The platoon commander was killed, the advancing wave, one big, slow-moving, slow-speaking South Australian caught from the corner of his eye the dim forms of about a dozen heads and shoulders behind a bank perhaps 70 yards away. The younger immediately made towards these Germans. When he got within 50 yards the German officer in the party fired on him with his revolver and missed. The Australian fired a Lewis gun from his hip and killed every German in the party except one. The remaining man made a rush at him. The Australian whose magazine was now empty, set the German over the head with the butt end of his revolver and then shot him. There were 12 German soldiers and one officer in that party.

A Y EMMA STORY THAT WILL MAKE MOUTHS WATER

By Clarence Buddington Kelland
Paris, Aug. 19 (By Mail).—If you want a variety of things that ain't what do you do? If you have several thousand men on your hands who are asking for candy which does not exist, for cookies and macaroons and jam, and there isn't sugar or chocolate or flour or ovens to bake in, what's the answer?

This is the situation in which Roy John, a divisional secretary of the Y. M. C. A. found himself. He had to take care of the American soldiers in a big district, so he took one long look about the country and got on the job.

First, there was the everywhere present cry for candy. Sugar could not be had, chocolate could not be had, and John had no facilities to manufacture. He discovered a candy factory that had been obliged to shut down because of the war. That was one point gained. He had the place to work, but nothing to work with. Then he went to the army.

"You want candy. Come across with sugar from the commissary. For every pound of sugar you furnish me I'll return two pounds of the best candy."

"You're on," said the army. So John got his sugar. But he had to have chocolate. There was a local chocolate manufacturer, but he could not sell to the Y. M. C. A. because all his product was taken by the authorities. This man, John discovered, had bought a machine to be used in his business. The machine weighed six hundred pounds and it was a hundred miles away. The railroad would not deliver it. It was the war. Private freight of that weight could not be handled. The manufacturer had waited eight months for his machine.

John went to him and said: "If you will manufacture for me 2000 kilos of chocolate every four weeks, I'll get you a d-d-d for you."

"Oh, Monsieur, it is impossible," said the manufacturer. "You could not get me my machine."

"Will you make me my chocolate?"

"But yes, Monsieur—if you deliver my machine."

That night John sent a motor truck and two men after the machinery and next noon it was set down at the door of the chocolate manufacturer's place of business. Since then the "Y" has gotten all the chocolate it needs in that locality. Now the "Y" is turning out for American soldiers in that district 600 pounds of first class chocolate cream candy every week and the output is increasing.

Cookies and macaroons and cakes were wanted. John found idle bakers. Again he went to the army. Let us have sugar and flour and we'll make you sweet cakes. Macaroons came first because they require no flour—only almonds and sugar. In a matter of days the Y. M. C. A. was able to furnish macaroons at a figure two francs under the market price. Now they are making glazed fondant and cookies that make your mouth water, and regular American biscuits. Already they have turned out 8000 kilos of cakes, which translated into American means 16000 pounds or eight tons. And all without materials or resources, or help from Paris.

John was wanted. The district is rich in fruits. A jam factory shut down by the war, was uncovered and set to work. The "Y" bought the fruit and skimmed the sugar. The initial deal was for 12,000 three-franc pails of jam. This was under the local market by fifty centimes or ten cents. Another 25 cen-

HE DIDN'T BLAME IT ON THE WOMAN

Frank Polach, and Mrs. Brigeta Butko, of Long Island City, New York, were arrested at Grampan Saturday last on a warrant sworn out before Squire John Y. Rafferty by a representative of the Queens Detective Agency of Long Island City, charging adultery. The couple were brought to jail in default of bail.

The woman had her little six years old daughter along and not liking the accommodations at Sheriff Gorman's "stone pile" asked to be released on bail Monday. The amount of bail was fixed by the justice at \$500 and after a short conference between the two prisoners that sum in cash was provided and the woman and little girl released.

Polach proved himself to be a real dead game sport and the fellow they have been looking for ever since that famous apple core stuck in our old friend Adam's epiglottis, and then when the land owner who gave them the farm with the single reservation caught him with the goods in his neck, he promptly blamed it on the only female woman in the news up to that time.

Ever since trouble came into the town as a result of the fruit story touched on above, for every Jack brought into the world and told to dig for a living, a soul mate or more properly speaking a Jill was also provided for, in order that Jack's days while many of few might be full of trouble he would have some on to blame the trouble on. Everything went along alright for a few years, when women were few and better natured than they are now, and every fellow got his without much trouble, providing of course he could shy a rock straight enough when the girls came out of their caves for a morning sun bath. But since the population has increased and there are so many to pick from sometimes a fellow thinks he has really found his own rib and he gets along for a few weeks or months or years, as the case may be, satisfied. Occasionally however, he discovers some other fellow picked up his real mate and as he has anchored according to the law of the land, some side-stepping is necessary before the mistake can be rectified or added to a couple of times.

This appears to have been the case with our friend Polach, but when the strong arm of the law reached across two states and caught him with the goods, the stealer of the other fellow's wife, who left his own behind

times was to be returned to the soldier when he brought back the jam pail. In two weeks the 12000 pails were sold to the Amex boys but not a pail was brought back. Every soldier you met had one fastened to his belt.

The situation has gotten to this point. The colonel in charge of a certain camp called up. "How about candy?" My men are yelling for sweets."

"Two hundred pounds on the truck for you this minute."

So the local enterprise of the Red Triangle is recognized by the army officially.

Men of a hospital train which makes this town once in a while, were complaining about their difficulty in getting cigarettes and chocolate and supplies. "We're in a place an hour; then out. No chance to buy. Then we may be shut off on an isolated side track to stay for days until needed. What can you do for us?"

"The Major in charge of the train came to see about it. "Well install a canteen on your train," said the "Y" man. "We'll stock you up, and you pay for it as you see fit. Account to us when you have a chance. We'll be ready to restock you at any time. Just write us when you are here and how long and what you need, and we'll have it on the spot. It worked beautifully. Now every couple of weeks a wife comes to the "Y", "He is in town forty minutes. Give four. Now this, that and the other." And always the stuff is there for them. Incidentally the "Y" has provided them a complete baseball outfit to be used during those weary intervals when they are tied up on side tracks.

Early Showing of Distinctive And Exclusive Modes in FALL MILLINERY



Be among the first to wear the new Fall hats. We are now showing a splendid collection of the new Fall velvet, felt and velour hats. With all the favored style features, however, the one dominant thought that enters your mind is the hat that will become you most and yet be in full keeping with the fashion tendencies of the season. We invite you to view this early showing.

Saturday Is The Last Day of The August Clearance

Only a few short lines necessary to convince you that if you want to take advantage of the savings you must visit the store before the store closes Saturday. In a great many cases we will reduce prices, on certain lots, until they are positively closed out by Saturday night. You can readily see that it would be impossible to advertise these lots.

A. W. Leonardson Co.

BUY U. S. S. AND THRIFT STAMPS TODAY AND EVERY DAY

tured than they are now, and every fellow got his without much trouble, providing of course he could shy a rock straight enough when the girls came out of their caves for a morning sun bath. But since the population has increased and there are so many to pick from sometimes a fellow thinks he has really found his own rib and he gets along for a few weeks or months or years, as the case may be, satisfied. Occasionally however, he discovers some other fellow picked up his real mate and as he has anchored according to the law of the land, some side-stepping is necessary before the mistake can be rectified or added to a couple of times.

This appears to have been the case with our friend Polach, but when the strong arm of the law reached across two states and caught him with the goods, the stealer of the other fellow's wife, who left his own behind

in the getaway, upset the dope by blaming the woman from all blame and accepting the entire responsibility for the escapade.

He did more than that, too. When bail was demanded he promptly put up \$350, every cent he had in the world, to get his loved one from behind the bars, and when the woman added to this amount \$150 she had brought along for amusements the law saw fit to allow the guilty lovers to be separated and the woman went back home again.

A charge will be preferred against Polach under the Mann act and he will be turned over to the Federal authorities for disposition, according to District Attorney Arnold, who says he could only get one year in jail according to Pennsylvania statutes, and a record-breaker like Polach is entitled to more than that under the circumstances.

Cider Mill Opening Delayed

Owing to unforeseen delays we can not open our cider mill as expected. We will be open.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND

THOMPSON & THOMPSON

Rear 801 Martin St.

Clearfield, Pa.

Are You Entitled To Display A

SERVICE FLAG

If you are, you should have one to display from your window or on your veranda. By so doing you show to the world that a member of your family, your household has responded to the call of the United States Government and is in the service. You also do honor to that member, be he husband, son, brother, father or sweetheart.

Get A Service Flag Today

The Progress has a limited number of fine durable Service Flags which may be had while they last, in exchange for a coupon clipped from this paper and 79c. Send or call at The Progress office without delay and procure your Service Flag, if you are entitled to have one.

"DOLLAR DAY OBSERVANCE BY OUR MERCHANTS IS A BIG INDICATION OF THEIR WILLINGNESS TO SHARE PROFITS WITH THEIR CUSTOMERS"

FRENCH DRIVE REACHES AILLETTE RIVER HAIG STARTS NEW DRIVE ON THE HUNS

GENERAL MANGIN'S TROOPS SCORE SUCCESSSES ON TRIUMPHANT MARCH

MEAGRE DETAILS OF HAIG'S DRIVE FAIL
TO SHOW EXTENT OF THE LATEST ON-
SLAUGHT OF THE BRITISH

100,000 HUNS TAKEN SINCE JULY 1

By United Press
Paris, Aug. 22.—Since the start of the counter offensive of July 18, the Allies have taken 100,000 prisoners according to figures compiled today by the Echo d Paris.

By Lowell Mellett
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
With The British Army In The Field, Aug. 22, 11.15 a. m.—The attack on the high ground between Albert and Bray this morning was reported as "going good" when this dispatch was filed. Fighting conditions were reasonably favorable. There was no mist and the sun was hot.

By United Press
Continuing their offensive on a wide front between the Somme and the Ancre and south of the Oise General Mangin's French troops have reached the Ailette river.

The French official statement today announced that the fighting was over a wide front in the region of Lassigny to the neighborhood of Soissons. The French took St. Paul Aux Bois and pressed on forward north of the Ailette. They reached that stream at La Quincy-Bagge, when five villages were taken.

General Haig started this new drive at 4.55 this morning between the Ancre and the Somme. The British statement announced the attack was made on a front at Dernancourt and Etineham—a front of 6 miles.

The enemy's positions were almost the strongest on the whole western front. American troops may be in the fighting, brigaded with the British forces with which they fought a few days ago.

The French war office reported the complete repulse of an enemy attempt to bomb Paris from the air at 10 o'clock this morning.

Attempted German raids on American positions in Alsace were broken up. The Germans failed to reach the American front trenches.

Early dispatches referred to the new British smash but did not give its location. London dispatches did, however, give detailed results of yesterday's operation between the Aisne and the Oise. Between 2,000 and 3,000 prisoners were captured in half of the area penetrated. German resistance was dogged toward afternoon and late in the day a series of heavy counter attacks were launched by the enemy. These were all repulsed. General Haig also continued further local advances last night and this morning in the Flanders salient on the north and west of the sector.

THE MIDNIGHT REPORT

London, Aug. 22.—The British Third army, under General Julian Byng, marched forward yesterday on a ten-mile front to a depth of two and five miles between the Ancre river and Moyenville, six miles south of Arras, last night's report from General Haig shows.

What littlehold the Germans have left on the west bank of the Ancre has been made untenable and a general retreat on the two-mile front between Albert and Arras is a safety measure which the Germans cannot escape. The Germans offering only rear guard resistance to this assault. They had been withdrawing in this region for several days, but Byng's blow caught them while they were still preparing or a large scale retirement.

The villages of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre, Puisieux-au-Mont, Bucquoy, Ablainzeville and Moyenville were captured by the British, Haig announces.

LASSIGNY CAPTURED

Paris, Aug. 21.—Lassigny has been captured by the French. The outskirts of Noyon are said to have been entered by the French. Twenty villages have been captured since Tuesday and the advance has reached a depth of five miles. The French have reached a point east of Noyon, thus virtually outflanking that important German pivot. The fall of Noyon is momentarily expected.

TODAY'S CASUALTIES

The following casualties are reported by the commanding general of the American Expeditionary forces today:

Killed in action	32
Missing in action	136
Wounded Severely	162
Died from accident and other causes	8
Died of disease	4
Wounded (degree undetermined)	48
Prisoner	1
Total	391

Following are the casualties for the State of Pennsylvania.

KILLED IN ACTION
Charles Reardon, Sharpville
Daniel J. Wansie, Kulpmont

MISSING IN ACTION
Jack Campy, Minersville
Michael McCorkic, Chocanut
Frank Staniski, Philadelphia
Archie Rowley, Warren
Henry Simons, Philadelphia
John Sobonski, Scranton
John Stinson, Philadelphia
John Deprez Merve, Philadelphia
James R. Strauss, Franklin
Anthony Boknos, Scranton
Michael Mikalonia, Plymouth
Israel Pinchersky, Philadelphia

WOUNDED SEVERELY
Alois Zopancic, Hackett
George Newitt, Kingston
Colie L. Jenkins, Mansfield
WOUNDED (Degree undetermined)
William Gardner, Philadelphia

PRISONER
Michael Viola, Philadelphia
MARINE CORPS

Killed in action 5
Died of wounds received in action 1
Total 6

KILLED IN ACTION
Sgt. Harry Donohue, Philadelphia

DR. ROWLES ENLISTS IN ARMY

Dr. Lewis C. Rowles has volunteered his services to his country and leaves Sunday next for Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina, to take up his duties as a captain in the medical department of the U. S. army.

Dr. Rowles received his Captain's commission some time ago but kept the matter quiet among his home folks until he could get his practice and business affairs in shape to leave.

Dr. Rowles is a Spanish-American war veteran, having been a member of Captain Woodward's Company E of the Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rowles, of Martin street, a native Clearfield county boy, and has both the ability and inclination to give a good account of himself in his country's service.

STOCKS BOUYANT

New York, Aug. 22.—The Stock Market opened fractionally higher today. United States steel was up 1/4 at 111 1/4 and marine preferred opened at 101 1/4. Canadian Pacific opened at 106 1/4. Liberty up 3 1/2 at 102.30.

Many companies limit insurance on woman to those engaged in gainful occupations, and the enormous increase in the numbers of these, many of them at large salaries, has greatly increased the insurance possibilities.

Mrs. William Thaw, Jr., of Pittsburgh, is the first woman to be appointed to membership on the Pennsylvania State Board of Public Charities.

At its station in North Wales the Marconi company has started a school for the training of women in wireless telegraphy.

The Production manager of the Fuel administration had addressed a letter to the miners and operators of this field setting forth the present status of the coal industry as it affects the success of the war. These are discussed on the editorial page of this issue and we earnestly urge every miner and operator reader to turn to that page.

COAL MINERS WILL GET BADGES FOR GOOD SERVICES

Additional evidence that the government regards coal miners and other workers in war industries of equal importance to the war machinery as the men in uniform was given last night in an announcement made by the Department of Labor of the completion of a medal to be awarded and worn by every man, woman and child engaged in civilian war work.

These medals, which will be known as War Industries Badges, will be awarded on the recommendation of an official of the Labor Department who will have supervision of this subject.

The decision of the Department of Labor to award such insignia was due to a recognition of the fact that many skilled workers would be choiced at the front, and are not wearing a military uniform solely because they have been told that their place of greatest service at this time is in war industry.

The badge will be disc-shaped, slightly larger than a quarter, and will be attached to a red, white and blue enamel bar one and three-quarters inches long. Four consecutive months of uninterrupted service in war production will entitle a worker to the first badge, which will be of bronze. Eligibility to the second badge, which will be case from the same die but made of different metal, possibly silver, will result from eight consecutive months of war service. Award of the bronze badge will be retroactive on properly supported application but no silver badges will be given for industrial war service performed prior to September 1st.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY FIRST BOAT CROSSED THE OCEAN

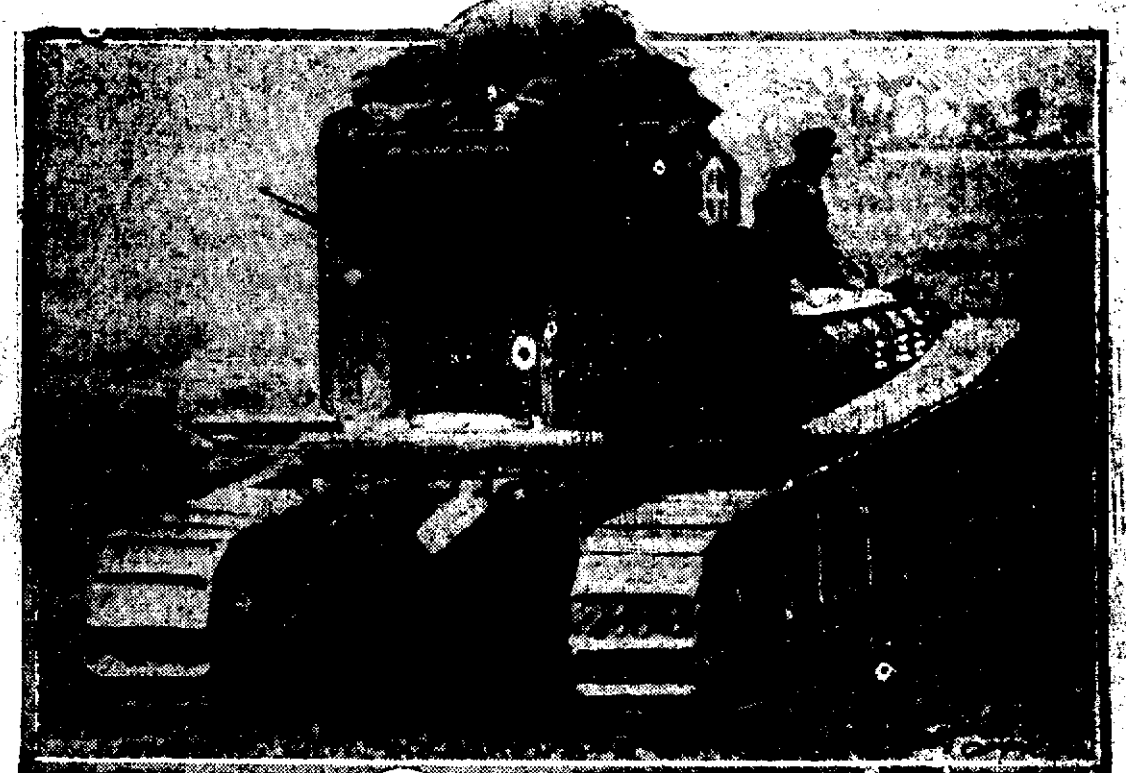
Washington, D. C., Aug. 22.—Sixty years ago this month the first cable message was sent under the Atlantic between Europe and America, and one hundred years ago today was launched the first steam vessel to cross the ocean. The two anniversaries are especially interesting at this time in view of the vital part that the great Atlantic highway is playing in the world war. The imagination can scarcely conceive the fatal handicap that would face the United States in her participation in the war if there were no submarine cables for the quick transmission of intelligence and no steamships for the speedy transport of troops.

When the pioneer transatlantic steamship, the Savannah, was launched at New York on August 22, 1818, there were few who realized the importance of the event and the possibilities thus opened up. The ship was regarded as a novelty and its attempt to cross the ocean was anticipated as an interesting experiment.

The Savannah was a vessel of 300 tons and her fuel capacity was limited to 75 tons of coal and 25 cords of wood. She sailed from the city of Savannah, Ga., on the 25th of May, 1819, bound for St. Petersburg, via Liverpool. She reached the latter port on June 20, having used steam 18 days out of the 26, and thus demonstrated the feasibility of transatlantic steam navigation.

Approaching Liverpool, hundreds of people came off in boats to see the

"Whippet" Tanks Help Chase The Germans.



The little "whippet" tank used by the British has been one of the factors in keeping the Germans on the run in General Foch's continuous drive. The tank can move over more rapidly than the larger one first introduced in the war.

YEARLING COLT IS FOND OF WHISKERS A LA SWEET CORN

A Lawrence township farmer who generally has his chin adorned with a handsome silky bunch of alfalfa now allows the winds of Mt. Joy to whistle through a few short stiff stubbles resting quietly on his lower jaw following an operation at the hands of tonsorial surgeon Mohney at the Y. M. C. A. shavery. There is a reason for all things, it has been truly said, and there is no exception to the rule in the tale which has to do with the loss of the farmer's shrunken or camouflage.

Here is the story, as we got it. The farmer with the whiskers is raising a yearling colt which is a general pet around the premises and does about as he pleases. When anybody is working about the barn that colt is always present, nosing into everything that is being done. Saturday last the farmer had a bunch of the finest Golden Bantam corn ever raised on these hills and he stowed away many ears at the dinner hour. Did you ever see a fellow with a brush curtain on his chin eating corn off the cob? Well! Well!

After dinner the farmer went to the barn and when he started to put away some oats that colt came in on to the barn floor and began nosing about. He discovered the residue on the alfalfa and thinking a new brand of breakfast food was offered him very generously helped himself to a big bite of whiskers. The farmer soon discovered the colt's attachment and as the whiskers were tough and the colt's teeth were soft it took some time to get the mouthful separated from the parent stems with the minimum of pain. It was gnawed down however, but the whiskers didn't look the same, and while the colt blissfully masticated the former personal adornment of his owner, the latter quickly hid himself to the tonsorial artist for the further improvement of his facial topography. A place has been provided for that colt and he has since been kept in that place.

The first woman to seek a seat in the New York legislature is Mrs. Betty Wakeman Mitchell of Hudson Falls, who is a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket.

Savannah. On approaching the river the shipping piers and roofs of houses were thronged with persons cheering the adventurous craft. Several naval officers noblemen and merchants from London went down to visit the boat and were very curious to ascertain her speed, destination and other particulars.

COMMITTEE RECOMMENDS THAT MAN HEAD AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION

Washington, Aug. 22.—Recommendation of a new method of control of the aircraft production, speeding up of the production, encouragement of inventions and reduction of profits in the aircraft contract, the Senate Aircraft sub-committee today announced its report to the Military Affairs committee.

EPISCOPALIANS DO HONOR TO THEIR BOYS OVER THERE

The most beautiful, solemn and impressive service was conducted at the St. Andrews Episcopal church last evening in honor of those young men who have left the protection of its doors to take their places as defenders of small nations and saviors of the freedom of mankind. Excellent addresses were made by Judge John W. Read and A. D. Bigler. The Liberty Chorus was present and sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, The Star Spangled Banner and led the singing of America. Judge Read's address was a word picture of the war, its causes and its ultimate triumph while Mr. Bigler dwelt more particularly on the boys, their army environment and the glory of their service. An impressive feature was a prayer by Reverend Coates in which he invoked divine blessings on each one, naming each with a pause in the prayer. Those for whom the service flag was unfurled are as follows:

Ella Brown, in France.
Serg. Harold Wilson, died in the service.
Corp. Whitford Barratt, in France.
Lieut. G. Webb Shillingford, in France.
Lieut. Thompson, in France.
Lieut. Thales Boyd, navy.
Lieut. Wm. W. Powell in France.
Albert S. Ross, in France.
Serg. Wm. Bock, in France.
Wm. C. Kennard, in France.
Wm. Brown, in camp.
Lieut. M. D. Douglas, Cleveland.
Bishop Rogers, Israel, in France.

MIDDLE WEST TORNADO KILLS SCORES

Chicago, Aug. 22.—Twenty-five are dead and nearly 100 were injured by a tornado last night at Tyler, Minn., according to reports of officials of the Chicago and Northwestern railway here today.

Mrs. C. H. McDowell is ill at her home on Second street.

PROGRESSIVE SHOPS OF CLEARFIELD WILL HAVE BIG DOLLAR DAY

One more shining example of the way that Clearfield merchants are always on the alert to give the greatest value for the money is evidenced in the fact that they have decided to continue the Dollar Day that was inaugurated some four years ago.

These merchants have been telling you in their advertisements and by word of mouth that goods are going higher in price and getting to a point of where it isn't a question of money but more a question of getting the merchandise and yet, in order to keep abreast of the times they are going to make some unprecedented offers for the coming bargain festival.

You have probably noticed in your daily purchasing that the prices of all sorts of merchandise have advanced far beyond normal and this in itself makes the fact that they are going to put aside profits for the one day on many hundreds of articles and let you have a chance to make your dollar go farther than it has done since the war began.

Taking it all in all, this is another example of the fact that the Clearfield merchants are "right on the hip" as the saying goes and are going to succeed in making this a better town to buy in and in doing this they will make Clearfield the real shopping center of a region that at present is enjoying the most unprecedented prosperity.

That Thursday of next week is going to be a red letter day for every one goes without saying and the thrifty will be on hand early to get the cream of the offerings.

Red cards are appearing in the stores which will participate and it behooves the thrifty to look up these stores and watch for the offerings.

Mrs. Amand Peach, a 75-year-old resident of West Chester, Pa., recently walked 50 miles in making a round of visits to friends in neighboring towns.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 21, 1918.

KING COAL

So much has been said and written about the shortage of coal and the importance of mining more of it, that it is doubtful whether it can be presented from any new angle, however, it is a subject that will bear much repetition. The editors of the coal field publications have been invited to discuss the subject from any standpoint that they see fit and from our limited study of the situation we see one phase of it which will be more fully explained in the last paragraph of this article.

A letter has been addressed to all the miners' organizations of this field from the Director of Coal Production in which he sets forth some very pertinent paragraphs. It is gratifying to note that in not one instance does he criticize the miner; in not one instance does he accuse them of slacking on the job; in not one instance does he imply that they have willfully laid down on the job of doing their patriotic duty. He is pleading for team work. He is asking the patriotic, hard working miner to help to bring his co-worker into line. The miners of this field as well as the others will realize that it is the drones among them who are responsible for this activity on the part of the Federal government. He has also addressed a letter to the operators and judging from the tone of it, he believes that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. To the miners he makes the following indisputable remarks:

First; that there is a shortage of coal.
Second; that this shortage is seriously threatening the success of the war program.

Third; that in spite of the draft, enlistments, etc., there are still enough mine workers to produce an adequate supply of coal IF EACH ONE WILL WORK EIGHT HOURS A DAY ON EACH OF THE SIX DAYS OF THE WEEK. Here we have the milk of the coconut; 48 working hours a week for each miner, illness excepted.

To the operators he says; "that the operators must make it possible for the workers to work regularly and efficiently". Continuing he says:

First; you must practice the highest degree of efficiency in your mine management. Under this head would come the keeping of the power plant and power lines in first class repair, a well kept and speedy haulage system, a knowledge on the part of the mine foreman as to where to put his men in order to get out the coal with the least amount of moving of machines and equipment, a concentration of the workers in a group or groups and last but not least, a willingness to accept suggestions from the workers and a courteous treatment to all.

Second; you must provide good working conditions in the way of good air, drainage and a generous supply of working material.

The letters directed to both miners and operators are designed to get harmony from both. There must be no passing of the buck. If each mine works out the production committee idea and applies its principals conscientiously it will result in much good. The operator will no doubt have his eyes open on some of his men as to efficiency, likewise some of the miners working at that plant must show the committee why they are off two to four days a week or wear the mark of an industrial slacker.

The patriotic, everyday mine worker can find nothing objectionable in the earnest plea of the Production Manager for full time work. The miner who is doing that, and there are thousands of them doing it, can throw out his chest, hold his head high among his fellow workers, look his soldier boy son or friend in the eye and be proud that he is doing that which is expected of him by his country but he must not be content with his own work. It is up to him to bring his fellow worker into line. It seems to us that a full time worker can have only contempt for the man who continues to work only enough to make a living and without regard to the country's need for fuel. Get after that fellow and ask him by his right name. Let us suggest that you patriotic miners post this article on the tippie and in this way you will soon locate the fellows who are not yet awake to the golden opportunity the coal miners have to bring Germany to her knees by giving coal to manufacture munitions, heat homes and bunker ships which are carrying their buddies to the working face "over there".

BOYS "OVER THERE" KNOW A GOOD THING

The Y. M. C. A. will soon go up and down the highways of America in a campaign to raise a new bank account for their working fund must grow up with our Army in France. They will ask a hundred million dollars—\$100,000,000 to be gathered, in money large and small, from the ever generous pockets of the folks back home.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous and new stages for Elsie Janis and those who are to follow in her foot steps. If means movies and music, hits and hospitality, chocolate and champagne.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous will not be suffered this time to raise any fraction of that fortune on false pretenses; that no effort will be made

to pry open pious purses by means of alarming stories about the iniquities of Army life, which—in matters of clean-living—is, after all, rather more decent than civilian life. Memory brings vividly to our minds the strain of a hymn which, by an odd coincidence, was sung to the air of "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and of which the climactic verse intoned this sentiment:

Lift up the Red Triangle
Against the things that main—
It conquers booze, the wrecker,
It shuts the house of shame.

We most devoutly hope that as old ladies of either sex will be beguiled into contributing a single centime to that \$100,000,000 in the delusion that, without our brothers of the Red Triangle, the A. E. F. would relapse into a riotous group of venal drunkards. —From "The Stars and Stripes," official organ of the A. E. F. in France.

More than 125 Chinese women are attending American colleges.

Letters to the Editor

AN ECHO

I just happened to pick up a copy of the Progress of the issue of Aug. 10, 1918 and notice the write-up on the flag raising held at Goshen school house. Say! Will you take time to read another anonymous letter? Would you, through courtesy, publish it?

Don't you think that you are a little bit hard on the "hand that is feeding you"? Did you ever stop and consider what would be the outcome of a strike among these people that are "feeding you"?

Now be fair and square in the matter. Don't the typesetters, the press feeders, the reporters, the rail roaders, the carpenters, the stone masons, the brick layers, the plumbers, the woodmen, the motor men, the conductors, the electricians, the wiremen, the steel workers, the puddlers and ad infinitum, go on a strike when the conditions become unbearable or unworkable?

Did the farmers (the people that are "feeding you") step up and tell them what to do, and when to do it? Did you ever have a farmer step into the Progress office and tell you when and how to put your paper out? Did you ever have a farmer urge you to do more printing than you really could do? Does the farmer ever try to run any other business than his own. In all fairness you will have to say NO, and say it loud so as the people that have back seats can hear.

How long does the average workman or tradesman work each day? About 8 1/2 hours. Am I not right? What does he do the balance of daylight (that we are saving now)? I will let you answer this as you know as well as I what the majority do. Now! How long does the average farmer work each day? Now I am talking about farmers, not simply every one that has a mule and a shovel plow (we have a lot of them just now among younger men) but I mean actual farmers, ones that mean to farm and have their money invested in land and machinery and make farming a business.

Don't they average about 14 hours a day? Are they not plodding along, not bothering the papers, the plumbers, the miners or any one else? And NOW? Who sets the price on the farmer's toil?

Does the farmer? Who sets the price on his wheat? Does the farmer? Who sets the price on his corn? Does the farmer? Who sets the price on his "goods"? Does the farmer? No! Not by a barrel fork. He has to take what is offered or keep it. Now take it on your side. Your solicitor persuades a farmer to subscribe for your paper (a good one) for a year, gives him a receipt for the money paid. Who sets the price? Does it stop at the end of the year? (Take the majority of county papers). No! It keeps coming and whether he lifts it or not the law says that he must pay and pay the price the other fellow sets. The same is true when he buys a mower, a rake, a reaper or any other machine, he is like the little boy that "stole the cookies" he has "nothing to say". He simply pays the price and saws wood.

Of late every person that has nothing else to do, or has a little spare time, thinks that they are qualified to tell the farmer what to do. Many of these very same people could not raise enough to keep themselves if they were placed in the "Garden of Eden" and had the potash deposits of Germany (thank God our farmers don't need it) at their disposal, yet they want to tell the farmer what to do and how to do it. I have a picture of some of these people out in the oats field (on the day of the flag raising at Goshen) setting in the shade, drinking lemonade and urging the other fellow to "dig in".

You won't find any electric fans there! You won't find "tangle foot" (of either kind) there! I can see him

sitting there joking with the office girl, or the printer's devil and peeling the white of his eye and "lord now he sweats".

Suppose that a farmer were to be called in to help you get out the Progress; how much would he be worth? Would he not be in your way? Would you give him his board for what he is able to do in your line? No! That is not his business, and furthermore he is not going to make it his business. And that is the very same answer the farmer could make to a lot of talk that is shot through the press these days. If other people have gumption and patience enough to keep quiet and mind their own business the farmers will mind theirs and no one will starve. If the farmer wants to take a day's vacation, he has as good right to take it as the other man to two weeks or a month. Let them have a day's rest and they will feel all the better for it and will more than make up for it. Why bless your soul there is no one worrying about how the farmer is going to winter. No one seems to be worried how he is going to find time to haul his wheat to mill and haul it back at the rate of 8 pounds to the dependent in his family. Why he might as well be at a picnic as making 5 trips to Clearfield to mill, 23 miles when one trip would do. Get busy and help "cut out" such time-killing legislation as this and then you will be helping the farmer and he will appreciate the same.

We all want to help all we can but we know what we are at.

Farming is a trade the same as printing, plumbing, or any other trade, and every one is not fitted for it either.

When the writer used to work in the wilds of the Clearfield county woods, and a man that got too "dirty" to drive team they put him cooking in the camp but that has all changed since the woods have all changed to brush patches. And the same is true with the farming question, every one is not capable of farming neither are they capable of giving expert advice. Well now Mr. Editor I don't mean to be exactly personal in this letter, but now-a-days if my shoe does pinch I have to wear it all the same and that is the way we all will have to do. I notice that you say that the other party that wrote up the Goshen flag raising might be the biggest liar in the county, and yet you might be mistaken for he may be a preacher or a deacon. Well! Here's for the old U. S. anyway and to H— with the Kaiser but give us farmers a breathin' spell these hot days and don't forget that it takes more than "hot air and beautiful S unshine to raise the bread we eat.

Very respectfully yours,
One that was NOT at the Goshen flag raising.

FOUR IRVONA BOYS WOUNDED IN BATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. David Mullen have recently received word from the officials at Washington, stating that both of their boys, Alfred and Wier, have been wounded in France. Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey DeWitt have also been informed that their boys George and Dorsey have also been wounded. From what can be learned all the boys are recovering and expect to be on the firing line again soon. It is also reported that Francis Bennett was slightly wounded.—Irvona correspondence of Coalport Standard.

DR. LEWIS C. ROWLES GIVES NOTICE TO HIS PATIENTS

During my absence in the army, I desire to give notice to my patients that Dr. John W. Gordon will take care of my practice. Also state that my books are at my office, 200 N. Second street where settlement of all accounts may be made.

LEWIS C. ROWLES, M. D.
A22-2t-pd

The gas light company of Malden, Mass., is one of the first in the country to employ young women as meter readers.

SOME ONE SAID:

"A Thrift Stamp A Day Keeps the Kaiser Away"

Do you realize that if everyone in the United States bought one 25-cent Thrift Stamp each day—the expenses of the war would be paid each night?

Figure it out—it's a fact.

ONLY A QUARTER A DAY

Join the Thrift Army today and every day. Help yourself and Uncle Sam.

Clearfield National Bank
"The Bank of Service"

DOUGHGIRLS HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY WITH DOUGHNUTS

By Miss Irene McIntyre
Salvation Army "Doughgirl" in France

(Written for The United Press)
With The American Troops At The Front, Aug. 1. (By Mail)—We doughgirls get sudden order for movement, too, sometimes, much the same as the doughboys do. Our most sudden one came a few days ago—or rather it was night. Most of the army movements are at night, and ours was a midnight one.

Gladys and I had finished a long day's work and were tired after making an unusually large batch of doughnuts. So we turned in early, for the front. Early is about eleven o'clock.

We had no more than fallen asleep when our commanding officer arrived with several other Salvation Army workers. When we had awakened enough to dress and see him the officer informed us we would go in half an hour, and that the new arrivals would take our canteen over.

We hustled to get our affairs together, throwing them into our trunks. Then Gladys grabbed her dog and I caught my pet fox who was out in the bushes, and we were off. We rode almost all night and about daylight came to the Salvation Army headquarters, where we rested for a while.

Off For New Sector

By noon we were off again, bound for a new sector which had never had a Salvation Army hut. It was more than 100 miles down the line from headquarters. We rode in a Ford which was used for carrying supplies to the canteens. Seats were put in the box for us.

By night we had not arrived at our destination, and to avoid arriving at the front too late to be able to get a place for that night we stopped in a small French town. It took a lot of skirmishing around to find hotel accommodations so near the front, but we finally succeeded.

Next morning bright and early, our party arrived in the new home, a little town of Lorraine, very near the line, and more than half in ruins as the result of the boches' work when they invaded this area in 1914 and 1915. Our place was a store room, and the sign over it read "Modern Bar". So we made our canteen out of the bar

room. We were in a new party of eight who were opening huts in this new hilly sector of Lorraine. We had not been at the "Modern Bar" long when our commanding officer assigned us to a little village nearer the front, where we had to begin a new hut.

Picking Out a House

We went out to pick out a house among those in ruins for a new home. Most all of the houses were battered and many had holes in them. We finally chose one which had not been used since the war started except for a stable. It had a big loft and the roof leaked. It was terribly dirty.

But we saw fine possibilities in it for a doughnut kitchen, a canteen for the boys, and a place for them to read. We put in a bid for it with the town major, and he soon informed us he had leased it from the original owner for 99 years, for a pocket full of francs. He refused to take our money to pay for our coming, had taken up a collection to pay for it. We suspect he had a lot to do with it.

Next day we came back, and the officers assigned us details to clean up the place. It was a big job to undertake, but the boys went to work, and the place soon began to look respectable. Some whitewash and curtains, and lots of scrubbing added to its appearance.

We are glad to have the new place open and running now, and we take a lot of pride in having made it our selves, or rather having directed the work that made it. You have a sort of pioneer's feeling after you create a workshop for doughnut making out of an old Lorraine ruin.

PRINTER'S INK USED TO GOOD ADVANTAGE

Printer's ink makes them think, all right, and we can prove our assertion by the Clearfield Electric Supply Company. This up-to-date mercantile concern recently purchased a large supply of electric motor washing machines and being desirous of passing these excellent household labor saving devices along to their customers put the proposition up to their Sales Manager, Mr. Ray Fullerton. Being wise to the game Mr. Fullerton enlisted the services of R. S. Nightingale, advertising manager of The Progress, and a publicity campaign, under the direction of these gentlemen, was started. A daily story was told the people of Clearfield county through the widely

Best For Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago

Wonderful 20th Century Liniment Can Now Be Obtained at Your Drug Store. Is Guaranteed

The shooting, tearing pains of Neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago are speedily relieved, while headache, toothache and earache simply flee. Heavy colds and sore throats that threaten pneumonia and tonsillitis may be cured in a single night—and not only is 20th Century Liniment the relief needed in such cases as this but in practically any painful condition.

There's nothing injurious in 20th Century Liniment. No burning, no grease or stain. It contains such well known remedies as Camphor, Menthol, Iodine (in non-colorable form) many other ingredients prescribed by the highest medical authorities in the land, things that bring soothing relief and real joy to stiff and tired out muscles.

Give yourself a brisk rub with 20th Century Liniment, at night for one week and if you don't feel years younger after following the simple directions take it back to the druggist's and get your money back.

Step into the nearest drug store or stop on your way home at your druggist's and get a bottle. If results are what you want make an effort to get it.

read columns of The Progress with the result that at the end of their thirty day campaign which closed last Thursday they had disposed of \$40.00 worth of washers.

The advertising cost of the entire campaign amounted to less than 4 per cent of the total sales, which should give some idea of the value of judicious advertising.

The first woman to receive the Legion of Honor was Rosa Bonheur, the famous painter of animals.

Iron, Nux Vomica Gentian Make DR. CHASE'S Blood-Nerve Tablets

A Powerful Blood Builder, A wonderful flesh maker and restorer to the system, giving health, strength and vigor to the weak, emaciated, nervous and overworked. Each dose makes more energy, more power and more strength. Write Yourself Before Talking. Price 25 cents. Sold through all druggists. United Medicine Co., 224 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.



The Stellar Merchandising Event of The Year Clearfield's Fourth Annual



DOLLAR DAY

Thursday, August 29th, 1918

A Day of Big Values. A Day That Is More Important This Year
Than Ever Before---The Day That Makes A Dollar Famous

Despite chaotic conditions in the merchandising world we're here again with values that
will make your dollar go farther than at any time during the past year.

A Day Of Unusual Values

A day when we will make every effort to see how much we can give you for your dollar.
A day when every merchant participating has done his utmost to offer a value for a dollar that
gives you half again as much as you can purchase at other times.

Look For The Dollar Day Signs

Every store will be plainly marked. A sign on the window that will be a guide to savings.
Look for these stores---they will be plainly marked.



A. W. Leonardson Co.
Leitzinger Bros.
A. Mirkin
Knepp's Furniture Store
I. W. Nieman
Rosser Furniture Co.
Howe's Jewelry Store
L. S. Hahn

Kurtz Stationery Store
Clearfield Hardware Co.
Brown's Boot Shop
H. J. Flegal
Ladies' Bazaar
Robinson & Co.
Gilliland Bros.
Louis Shapiro

A. J. Hagerty
McCrary's
Ross & Woods
Lytle Bros.
Pollack's
Kennard & Snyder
Overly Bros.
Clearfield Progress



Classified Ads For Everybody

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One good milk cow and week old heifer calf. Call Mr. Edward Gallagher, Irvin Hill, Curwensville, Pa. A20-1tc

FOR SALE—Household furniture to be sold at once at second house beyond hospital. H. & C. phone 221b2. A19-3t-pd

FOR SALE—Six room house, located on Fourth street. All modern conveniences. Lot 25x200. Well drained. A real bargain to quick buyer. Inquire X Y Z c/o Progress. A21-2tc

FOR SALE—One cow and a 3-cow separator. Call C. R. Fullerton, Hyde, Pa. A19-3tp

FOR SALE—Lot No. 16 in block 20 fronting on Clarendon avenue, Hyde City, Pa. Price \$200. Apply to John Beck, Houtzdale, Pa. A21-2tp

FOR SALE—Good Ranger bicycle. Call H. & C. 90 or apply Progress office. A21-2tc

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Girl for general housework. No laundry. Call John Forsyth H. & C. 219. J30-1tc

FIRL WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply Mrs. Cecil Wilson, Old Town Road. A10-1tc

WANTED—Man and wife to run boarding house at industrial plant. Address C, care of Progress. A17-1f

YOU CAN MAKE FINE CANNED PEACHES WITH THIS RECIPE

For canning peaches, allow to every eight quarts two pounds of sugar and three quarts of water. Make a syrup with the sugar and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Peel the peaches, and pack in sterilized quart jars.

Settle the fruit as much as possible by shaking the jar. Fill the hot jars with the boiling syrup. Adjust the top half way over the jar, but do not put on the rubber.

Set the jars in oven in shallow pans half filled with boiling water.

Close the oven door (oven should be only moderately warm) and cook fruit fifteen minutes. Take from oven, adjust rubbers, fill each jar in turn with the boiling syrup, which should have been kept on the back of the stove.

Fill so that the scalding liquid runs over, put on top, wipe and seal. Cool and tighten tops.

Invert the jars and dip the tops into a pan of melted Parowax of sufficient depth to immerse them an inch beyond the covers.

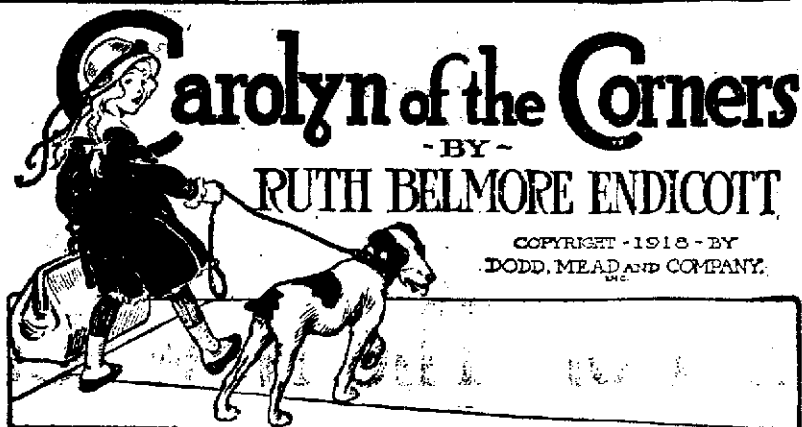
Maude Adams, the celebrated actress, spent a part of her summer vacation as a worker in the Y. M. C. A. hostess house at Camp Upton.

Clearfield People Should Eat Pie Daily

Pie is wholesome, combining both fruit and grain. Those who have trouble digesting pie should take ONE SPOONFUL simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Alder-ka. This flushes the ENTIRE bowel tract, removes foul matter which poisons your stomach for months and relieves AN ACID stomach, gas or constipation and prevents appendicitis. Leaves stomach in condition to digest ANYTHING. C. W. Doolley druggist.



LOUIS DAMMERS
Phila. Eyesight Specialist
ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
Diming Hotel Parlors
WED. AUG. 28, 1918.
Office Hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
LOUIS DAMMERS
807 Chestnut St. Phila. Pa.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Her father, a miser, had lost her when she was a child. She was found by a charity dealer, and she lived with her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at The Corners. The reception of herself and her mongrel cur by her uncle and his housekeeper, Aunt Rose Kennedy, is not very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER II—Aunt Rose rules the home with an iron hand, but is not unkind to the child.

CHAPTER III—Stagg learns from a letter from a New York lawyer that the child has been left practically penniless. Carolyn's sunny disposition begins to make an impression on the stern housekeeper.

CHAPTER IV—Carolyn makes the acquaintance of Jefferiah Parlow, with whom her uncle has not been on speaking terms for years.

CHAPTER V—She learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER VI—The mongrel wins the approval of the entire population by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the school teacher.

CHAPTER VII—While Carolyn and her uncle are taking a Sunday walk in the woods they encounter Amanda Parlow. The dog kills a snake about to strike Amanda and Stagg and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chet Gormley Tells Some News.

It was when she came in sight of the Parlow place on Monday afternoon, she and Prince, that Carolyn May bethought her of the very best person in the world with whom to advise upon the momentous question which so troubled her.

Who could be more interested in the happiness of Miss Amanda than Mr. Parlow himself?

The little girl had been going to call on Miss Amanda. Aunt Rose had said she might and Miss Amanda had invited her "specially."

But the thought of taking the old carpenter into her confidence and advising with him delayed that visit. Mr. Parlow was busy on some piece of cabinet work, but he nodded briskly to the little girl when she came to the door of the shop and looked in.

"Are you very busy, Mr. Parlow?" she asked him after a watchful minute or two.

"My hands be, Carolyn May," said the carpenter in his dry voice.

"Oh!"

"But I kin listen to ye—and I kin talk."

"Oh, that's nice! Did you hear about what happened yesterday?"

"Eh?" he queried, eying her quizzically. "Does anything ever happen on Sunday?"

"Something did on this Sunday," cried the little girl. "Didn't you hear about the snake?"

"What d'ye mean—snake?"

And then little Carolyn May explained. She told the story with such earnestness that he stopped working to listen.

"Humph!" was his grunted comment at the end. "Well!"

"Don't you think that was real exciting?" asked Carolyn May. "And just see how it almost brought my Uncle Joe and your Miss Amanda together. Don't you see?"

Mr. Parlow actually jumped. "What's that you say, child?" he rasped out grimly. "Bring Mandy and Joe Stagg together? Well, I guess not!"

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, don't you think that would be just be-a-you-ti-ful?" cried the little girl with a lingering emphasis upon the most important word. "Don't you see how happy they would be?"

"I don't know as anybody's particular anxious to see that daughter of mine and Joe Stagg friendly again. No good would come of it."

Carolyn May looked at him sorrowfully. Mr. Parlow had quite disappointed her. It was plain to be seen that he was not the right one to advise with about the matter. The little girl sighed.

"I really did s'pose you'd want to see Miss Amanda happy, Mr. Parlow," she whispered.

"Happy? Bah!" snarled the old man, setting vigorously to work again. He acted as if he wished to say no more and let the little girl depart without another word.

Carolyn May really could not understand it—at least she could not immediately.

That Mr. Parlow might have a selfish reason for desiring to keep his daughter and Joseph Stagg apart did not enter the little girl's mind.

After that Sunday walk, however, Carolyn May was never so much afraid of her uncle as before. Why, he had even called Prince "good dog!" Truly Mr. Joseph Stagg was being transformed—slowly.

He could not deny to himself that, to a certain extent, he was enjoying the presence of his little niece at The Corners. If he only could decide just what to do with the personal property of his sister Hannah and her husband down in the New York apartment. Never in his life had he been so long deciding a question.

He had really loved Hannah. He knew it now, did Joseph Stagg, every time he looked at the lovely little child who had come to live with him at The Corners. Why? Just so had Hannah looked when she was a little

thing. The same deep, violet eyes and sunny hair and laughing lips—

Carolyn May sometimes actually found a resemblance to the dear old figure of "Hannah's Carolyn" coming between him and the big ledger over which he spent so many of his waking hours.

Once he looked up from the ledger—it was on a Saturday morning—and really did see the bright figure of the little girl standing before him. It was no dream or fancy, for old Jimmy, the cat, suddenly shot to the topmost shelf, squalling with wild abandon. Prince was losing along at Carolyn May's side.

"Bless me!" croaked Mr. Stagg. "That dog of yours, Carolyn May, will give Jimmy a competition fit yet. What d'you want down here?"

Carolyn May told him. A man had come to the house to buy a cow and Aunt Rose had sent the little girl down to tell Mr. Stagg to come home and "drive his own bargain."

"Well, well," said Mr. Stagg, looking the ledger in the safe. "I'll hustle right out and tend to it. Don't see why the man couldn't have waited till noontime. Hey, you, Chet! Look out for the store. Don't have any fooling. And—"

"Oh, uncle! may I stay, too? Me and Prince?" cried Carolyn May. "We'll be good."

"Tshaw! Yes, if you want to," responded Mr. Stagg, hurrying away. "My! your uncle's changin' more and more, ain't he?" remarked Chet, the optimistic. "He does sometimes almost laugh, Carolyn. I never see the heat of it!"

"Oh, is he?" cried the little child. "Is he looking up more? Do you think he is, Chet?"

"I positively do," Chet assured her. "And he hasn't always got his nose in that old ledger?"

"Well—I wouldn't say that he neglected business, no, ma'am," said the boy honestly. "You see, we men have got to think of business mostly. But he sure is thinkin' of some other things too—y'asus, indeedy!"

"What things, Chet?" Carolyn May asked anxiously, hoping that Uncle Joe had shown some recovered interest in Miss Amanda and that Chet had noticed it.

"Why—well— Now, you see, there's that house you used to live in. You know about that?"

"What about it, Chet?" the little girl asked rather timidly.

"Well, Mr. Stagg ain't never done nothin' about it. He ain't sold it, nor sold the furniture, nor nothin'." You know, Carolyn May, your folks didn't leave you no money."

"Oh! Didn't they?" cried Carolyn May, greatly startled.

"No. You see, I heard all about it. Mr. Vickers, the lawyer, came in here one day and your uncle read a letter to him out loud. I couldn't help but hear. The letter was from another lawyer and 'twas all about you and your concerns. I heard it all," said the quite innocent Chet.

"And Mr. Vickers says: 'So the child hasn't anything of her own, Joe?' Chet went on. 'And your uncle says: 'Not a dollar, 'cept what I might sell that furniture for.' And he hasn't sold it yet, I know. He just can't make up his mind to sell them things that was your mother's, Carolyn May," added the boy, with a deeper insight into Mr. Stagg's character than one might have given him credit for possessing.

But Carolyn May had heard some news that made her suddenly quiet and she was glad a customer came into store just then to draw Chet Gormley's attention.

The child had never thought before about how the good things of life came to her—her food, clothes and lodging. But now Chet Gormley's chatter had given her a new view of the facts of the case. There had been no money left to spend for her needs. Uncle Joe was just keeping her out of charity!

"And Prince, too," thought the little girl, with a lump in her throat. "He hasn't got any more home than a rabbit! And Uncle Joe don't really like dogs—not even now."

"Oh, dear me!" pursued Carolyn May. "It's awful hard to be an orphan. But to be a poor orphan—just a charity one—is a whole lot worse, I guess. I wonder if I ought to stay with Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose and make them so much trouble?"

The thought hit deep into the little girl's very impressionable mind. She wished to be alone and to think over this really tragic thing that faced her—the ugly fact that she was a "charity child."

"And you're a charity dear, Prince," Carolyn May said, looking down at the mongrel who walked sedately beside her along the country road.

The little girl had followed alone the road until it was now darker than before. Indeed, Aunt Rose would have had the man on the table twenty minutes earlier. Mr. Stagg had evidently remained at The Corners to sell the cow and eat a dinner—she was calling the birds off, she said.

And here, Carolyn May and Prince were at Mr. Parlow's carpenter shop, just as the old man was taking off his

apron preparatory to going in to his dinner. When Miss Amanda was away nursing, the carpenter ate at a neighbor's table.

Now Miss Amanda appeared on the side porch.

"Where are you going, little girl?" she asked, smiling.

"Home to Aunt Rose," said Carolyn May bravely. "But I guess I'm late for dinner."

"Don't you want to come in and eat with us, Carolyn May? Your own dinner will be cold."

"Oh, may I?" cried the little girl. Somehow she did not feel that she could face Uncle Joe just now with this new thought that Chet Gormley's words had put into her heart. Then she hesitated, with her hand on the gate latch.

"Well, there be some scraps for Prince," she asked. "Or bones?"

"I believe I can find something for Prince," Miss Amanda replied. "I owe him more than one good dinner, I guess, for killing that snake. Come in and we will see."

Carolyn May thought that Miss Amanda, in her house dress and ruffled apron, with sleeves turned back above her dimpled, brown elbows, was prettier than ever. Her cheerful observations quite enlivened Carolyn May again.

"I think you are lovely, Miss Amanda," she said as she helped wipe the



"I Think You Are Lovely, Miss Amanda."

dishes after the carpenter had gone back to the shop. "I shall always love you. I guess that anybody who ever did love you would keep right on doing so till they died! They just couldn't help it!"

"Indeed?" said the woman, laughing. "And how about you, Chicken Little? Aren't you universally beloved too?"

"Oh, I don't expect so, Miss Amanda," said the child. "I wish I was."

"Why aren't you?"

"I—I— Well, I guess it's just because I'm not," Carolyn May said desperately. "You see, after all, Miss Amanda, I'm only a charity child."

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed Miss Amanda. "Who told you that?"

"I—I just heard about it," confessed the little visitor.

"Not from Aunt Rose Kennedy?"

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Did that— Did your uncle tell you such a thing?"

"Oh, no! He's just as good as he can be. But of course he doesn't like children. You know he doesn't. And he just 'bominates' dogs!"

"So, you see," added the child, "I am charity. I do not like other girls that's got papas and mammas. Course I knowed that before, but it didn't seem—seem so hard as it does now," she confessed with a sob.

"My dear! my dear!" cried Miss Amanda, dropping on her knees beside the little girl, "don't talk so! I know your uncle must love you."

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" gasped Carolyn May, "don't you s'pose he loves other folks, too? You know—folks he'd begun to love ever so long ago?"

The woman's smooth cheeks burned suddenly and she stood up.

"I'm 'most sure he'd never stop loving a person if he'd once begun to love 'em," said Carolyn May, with a high opinion of the faithfulness of Uncle Joe's character.

"Do you want to know if your Uncle Joe loves you?" she asked Carolyn May at last. "Do you?"

"Oh, I do!" cried the little girl. "Then ask him," advised Miss Amanda. "That's the only way to do with Joe Stagg, if you want to get at the truth. Out with it, square, and ask him."

"I will do it," Carolyn May said solemnly.

After the child had gone the woman went back into the little cottage and her countenance did not wear the farewell smile that Carolyn May had looked back to see.

Gripping at her heart was the old pain she had suffered years before and the conflict that had seared her mind so long ago was roused again.

"Oh, Joe! Oh, Joe! How could you?" she moaned, rocking herself to and fro. "How could you?"

That very night the first snow flurry of the season drove against the west window panes of the big kitchen at The Corners. It was a happy time.

"I declare for it," said Mr. Stagg, "I guess we'll have a good one, Aunt Rose!" This snow did not amount to much. It was little more than a hoar frost, as Mr. Stagg said. This might be, however, the last chance for a Sunday walk in the woods for some time, and Carolyn May did not propose to miss it.

On this day she earnestly desired

to get him off by himself, for her heart was filled with a great purpose. She felt that they must come to an understanding.

On this particular occasion Uncle Joe sat down upon the log by the brook where Miss Amanda had once sat. Carolyn May stood before him. "Am I just a charity orphan? Didn't my papa leave any money at all for me? Did you take me just out of charity?"

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"I—I wish you'd answer me, Uncle Joe," went on Carolyn May with a brave effort to keep from crying. Joseph Stagg was too blunt a person to keep his wits so dodging the question.

"Hunt! Well, I'll tell you, Carolyn May. There isn't much left, and that's a fact. It isn't your father's fault. He thought there was plenty. But a business he invested in got into bad hands and the little nest egg he'd laid up for his family was lost."

"Then—then I am just charity. And so's Prince," whispered Carolyn May. "I—I s'pose we could go to the poorhouse, Prince and me; but they mayn't like dogs there. You're real nice to me, Uncle Joe; but Prince and me—we really are a nuisance to you."

The man stared at her for a moment in silence, but the flush that dyed his cheeks was a flush of shame.

"Don't you like it any more here with Aunt Rose and—me?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes! Only—only, Uncle Joe, I don't want to stay, if we're a nuisance, Prince and me. I don't want to stay, if you don't love me."

Joseph Stagg had become quite excited.

"Bless me!" he finally cried once more. "How do you know I don't love you, Carolyn May?"

"Why—why— But, Uncle Joe! how do I know you do love me?" demanded the little girl. "You never told me so!"

The startled man sank upon the log again.

"Well, maybe that's so," he murmured. "I s'pose it isn't my way to be very—very—softlike. But listen here, Carolyn May."

"Yes, sir."

"I ain't likely to tell you very frequently how much I—I think of you. Ahem! But you'd better stop worrying about such things as money and the like. What I've got comes pretty near belonging to you. Anyway, unless I have to go to the poorhouse myself, I reckon you needn't worry about going," and he coughed again dryly.

"As far as loving you— Well, I'll admit, under cross-examination, that I love you."

"Dear Uncle Joe!" she sighed ecstatically. "I don't mind if I am charity."



"If You Love Me It Takes All the Sting Out."

If you love me, it takes all the sting out. And I'll help to make you happy, too!"

(To Be Continued)

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Guard M. Butler, of Woodland, and Jeannette Wisor, of Boyes.

Merrill L. Newton and Carrie L. King, both of Westover.

Charles Kubicina and Hele Merwik, both of Madera.

Sam Sawchynsky and Rosa Baber, both of Smoke Run.

Grover C. Noll, of Clearfield and Dora Shaffer, of Mahaffey.

Charles Kenneth Barton, of Erie, and Maude Cummings, of Duluth.

Leo Denton and Marie Shesser, both of Union township.

John Thomas Butterworth, Jr., of Gearhartville and Cora Dixon, of Chester Hill.

Homer Pearce, of Union township, and Sue Atherton, of Duluth.

J. M. Hand and Lena O'Laughlin, both of Curwensville.

Oldest of women's colleges in Key England is Smith College, founded in 1871 with funds bequeathed by Sophia Smith, noted educator and philanthropist.

Uncle Sam

Protects the dependents of his fathers with Life Insurance. Who will protect your dependents if you die

Helmhold & Stewart
Sayder Block



Pretty Gingham For School Dresses

With the opening of school only a matter of a week or so away and the girls ready and anxious to start, along comes the matter of dresses.

We have some of the prettiest, daintiest patterns that, even in normal times, would be hard to duplicate.

Plaids, bars, stripes in one- and two-color combinations, and plain colors that will make up nicely and launder exceptionally well.

Come in and see them.

Ross & Woods

THE HOME OF THE EDUCATOR SHOE

Are You Ready for Buckwheat Harvest

The work will be quicker and easier with a Schwab Grain Cradle.

We have just received a new stock.

The price is right.

May we show them to you?

CLEARFIELD HARDWARE CO.

125 Market St

Clearfield, Pa.

TRY A PROGRESS "WANT AD"

LAST YEAR'S LENSES SHOULD BE CHECKED UP

A child's lenses should change with the years. Last year's lenses may have corrected the trouble. Have your boy or girl drop in and have our graduate optometrist examine his or her eyes. He'll be frank. If the trouble is corrected you may discard your glasses. If your child needs a new lens he'll be equally frank.

HOWE'S

Jeweler and Optometrist
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Clearfield County Fair

September 17-18-19-20, 1918

4 --- BIG DAYS --- 4

This will be the biggest and best Fair Clearfield County has ever held. A department for all exhibits and big exhibits in all departments. This is an agricultural Fair, held strictly for the best interests of Clearfield County and all its allied industries.

A fine big program of clean attractions will be provided. Send for complete premium list or write to the Secretary for information.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY FAIR

T. L. Wall, Secretary.

LETTERS FROM OUR
SOLDIER BOYSLETTER FROM DORSEY
POLKINGHORNFrance,
July 7, 1918.

Dear Dad:

Just a few lines to let you know I am feeling great and hope this little greeting finds you feeling the same. We are at present playing a waiting game. They were shelling our position this morning and we expect to move now most any time. We were under fire for the first time this morning and it made me feel as tho I was taking a cold shower.

I suppose you have seen by the papers over home how our boys are going over the top. Well, according to the dope we get, there isn't a better Division than ours over here. Some of our boys have seen more real action than some of them who have been here for a year.

As yet I have had no reason for complaining. We are all over here for a purpose and we all realize that until it is accomplished we will have lots of reasons to be glad and, of course, lots of disappointments.

As yet we are the same old bunch you saw in Camp Upton and I hope you will be at New York when we get back and see the same old bunch again.

I would have liked to have been in Paris on the Fourth, but we were having a celebration all our own. There must have been some great times back home on the Fourth. I saw different accounts in the papers about the big doings. We get a daily paper here most every day and I believe we get more real war dope than you get back home. I will send a few clippings from today's New York Herald, which will show you what our boys are really doing over here. The old Kaiser said he never saw a better bunch of fighters than the Americans. I believe the old boy realizes that we are going to make a real clean-up on him.

There was one place up on the line where it was rather quiet and the French and Germans made it up between them not to fire on each other certain days so they could wash their clothes in a stream close by. That is all over now. They sent a bunch of real soldiers up there and it is the liveliest place on the line now.

Well, Dad, I have told you about all the news, so when you write tell me all about the doings back home for I am sure hungry for some news from a real town. Will close, hoping to hear from you soon. With best wishes and love to all,

Your son,

DORSEY

LETTER FROM JAMES BALL

Dear Father and All:

Am well and having a good time as usual. I just got in this morning about daylight. Out all night, you know a fellow cannot drive any in the daylight or he sure will get bumped off. Myself and three other truck drivers took part of the company out last night. By some turn of circumstances I got away from the other fellows and I never had such a time in my life. About every twenty feet a sentry would stop me and ask for the password and the first shot out of the box I got tangled up in a little old village that had been shot all to pieces. I started down a little alley and run right into a graveyard and a few other things that naturally get a fellow's goat in the dark. Climbing off the truck with a good grip on my trusty 45 I starts to wandering around and at last finds a sentry who told me where to go but that did not end it. It started to rain and before long we were lost again. Ran into some gas but our gas masks helped us out on that. After trying many roads we finally found one that led somewhere and along about daylight recognized the right road and the one leading into our camp. Some night, I ought to be sleeping but I wanted to tell you about it before I take my sleep for today.

Your son,

JAMES BALL

LETTER FROM JAMES EATON

Camp Taylor, Ky.,
Aug. 11th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:

Just a few lines this evening, as it is our study hour, and we have to study until 9 o'clock at night. You see we don't have any time to ourselves.

Does Your Roof
Need Painting?

Let me put 12 years new life in your old roof with my XX Special Roof Paint. All my work guaranteed.

A. A. Turner

I suppose I will be a commissioned officer by the 17th of this month. We are to have a big time here on that day. The Secretary of War is coming to graduate us.

There are about 10,000 men here at this school. They come from all over the United States. They are all supposed to be college men, but I am getting along just as well as they are. I am an instructor now.

All the men who are to graduate next Saturday are sending home to their fathers for money to buy clothes. It is a good thing I had some saved as it costs us a lot of money for our clothes. (It will cost me a hundred dollars.) My pay will be one hundred and seventy dollars a month then.

If they have any pictures made of the class I will send you one. You can wish me good luck Saturday and think of me on that day.

It sure is hot down here. I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you as you owe me a letter now.

Your loving son,

JAMES H. EATON,

F. A. O. T. C. 4th Battery,

Camp Taylor, Ky.

TODAY'S EVENTS

1483rd day of the Great War.

Fortieth anniversary of Serbian independence.

Centennial anniversary of the launching of the Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic.

One hundred years ago today died Warren Hastings, who laid the foundation for British rule in India.

The Western Swedish Methodist Episcopal Conference meets today at Harcourt Iowa, with Bishop Thomas Nicholson presiding.

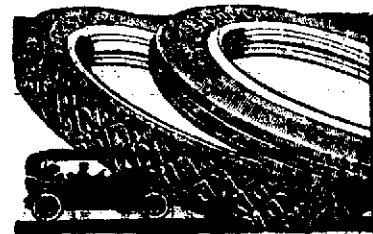
The first young people's convention of all American Lutherans of Norwegian extraction will begin its sessions today at Red Wing, Minn.

A general invitation has been extended to the people of New Hampshire to visit the State College at Durham today to witness the training of the army detachment there and to inspect the other war activities of the institution.

The general business of the Grand Army national encampment at Portland, Ore., will be concluded today, although a large proportion of the visitors are expected to remain in the city and its vicinity for purposes of sightseeing during the remainder of the week.

Eminent lawyers from every state in the Union, each an authorized commissioner, are to assemble in Cleveland today to advance the ancient movement to standardize the more important statutes of the various States. It is expected that the soldier vote will be among the subjects brought up for consideration.

When Queen Alexandra opened the Y. M. C. A. hut in London some time ago, as she was going out she noticed a pile of khaki Y. M. C. A. Testaments and, picking up one, inquired the price. When told it was a shilling she smilingly intimated that she had no money. The attendant smiled, as did also the Queen, at the dilemma, but they begged Her Majesty to accept the book as a gift, and she carried the Testament away as a memento.

You'll Agree
With Our
JudgmentYOUR experience will back up
our decision to recommend
Firestone Cord Tires.

We didn't judge hastily. But when we found that the inside construction of Firestone Cord Tires so greatly reduced internal friction, we concluded that this tire would stand up.

And it does. Try it. You'll get Most Miles per Dollar. You'll get more speed, comfort that will surprise you and a real gasoline saving.

Come in and see the Firestone Cord cross section. Also examine the improved Firestone Fabric Tire.

CLEARFIELD HARDWARE CO.

Clearfield, Pa.

125 Market St.

NEWS OF

TOWN OF
CURWENSVILLE

The ball game advertised to come off on the home grounds yesterday between DuBois and Curwensville, started on schedule time, three innings was played when trouble arose and the game came to an abrupt termination. The score when the game broke up stood 3 to 0 in favor of Curwensville.

Mrs. Mame Sample, of Pittsburgh is visiting with her mother, brothers and sisters in town. She was a daughter of the late James Norris before her marriage.

Clyde Spencer, a brother of Ned Spencer one of the foremen at the sale leather tannery, arrived in town from Chicago Tuesday evening. He went to Chicago some years ago and joined the police force. Afterwards he was transferred to the fire department, in east Chicago.

Bricklayers commenced work on the Orrie Norris new house yesterday. The structure will be a case brick.

Chief of Police Clark rounded up some peddlers yesterday who were worrying the housewives almost to death to buy their wares.

Word has been received from Mr. Hess who was operated on in a hospital for appendicitis that he is getting along nicely and will be able to come home in a week or two.

G. W. Bell, the honey man from Greenwood township was a town visitor yesterday.

Two autoists on their way to Curwensville from Grampian Tuesday night had some difficulty. They got out of the machine and after the smoke of battle had cleared away one of the combatants looked as though he had been in a first-class wreck.

Morris Kephart and family left yesterday for Osceola for a visit to kin folks before going to her home in Johnstown. Mr. Kephart is time-keeper and paymaster for the Harris fire brick people.

Mr. Bixler is arranging to move his Herald office into the west room of the brick building lately purchased by the McNaull estate.

The body of Mrs. Lester Caldwell who died in Clearfield will be brought to this place for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Browne, of Millersburg, arrived in town yesterday and will spend several weeks visiting with relatives.

Mrs. S. J. Richards is improving slowly in the Clearfield hospital and will be able to be brought home in a few weeks.

Chief Police Clark desires us to state that he will soon round up his tenth year as a policeman in this borough instead of six years as was stated in the Curwensville letter a few days ago. We make this correction in justice to himself as well as to the chief.

Captain Kratzer on Saturday told the writer of a peculiar incident that came under his observation during the battle of Gettysburg. He was wounded in the arm, and was on his way to the rear to have his wound dressed. He came to a small shelter tent in which he heard some one praying. He looked under the flap of the tent to see what was wrong. Within were two men, a Federal and a Confederate. Both had been shot in exactly the same manner as to put both men totally blind. The Federal soldier was praying that death might come and release him from his affliction. His enemy, the Confederate, was trying his best to console him and make him realize that God would have some work that he could do for Him even though he was sightless. The Captain said that this was one of the most pathetic episodes that he had ever witnessed during his entire five years of army life, and he silently closed the tent flap and stole away leaving both friend and once his enemy alone with their grief. Probably a few hours before each was trying his best to kill the other, when the Father above saw fit to send affliction on each alike. Certain it was the "Reb" was trying to play the good Samaritan toward his once bitter enemy.

There seems to be some antagonism on the part of some of our citizens in regard to spending a big sum of money for new fire apparatus at this

LEITZINGER BROS.

LEITZINGER BROS.

The First of The New Coats, Suits
And Dresses for The Autumn Season

We particularly desire our patrons to see these garments and make early selections. We placed our orders early and have excellent grades of stylish garments on hand at the present time which we cannot duplicate later on account of the shortage of woolen materials for civilian use

Ladies' Tailored Suits

We have several pretty models of all wool poplin and gabardine. Navy and black, new style braid trimmed jackets and skirts. All sizes 16 to 46 at \$25.00.

Excellent Men's Wear
Serge Suits

Beautifully tailored models, bone button trimmings \$28.50 and \$29.50

Tailored Suits

Of oxford silvertone suiting, braid trimmed, \$35.00.

Fine Serge Suits

Navy and black. Plain tailored and dressy suits trimmed with soutache and other braids, \$37.50; \$45.00 and \$50.00. . .

Silver Tone Velour Suits

Very fine quality. Taupe, navy, Pekin, oxford and plum shades \$48.50 to \$60.00

Stout and Stylish Stout Models

In navy and black serge and poplin \$30 to \$40.

LEITZINGER

---EVERYBODY'S STORE---

WHY NOT
W. S. S. OR
THRIFT
STAMPS?NIGHT SHIFTS FOR
MINES MAY BE THE
NEXT FEDERAL MOVE

Their alleged hostility to the purchase arises from the fact that the borough would be compelled to issue bonds in order to procure the needed amount of money which is true. Those who are against the purchase also say that the borough ought not to contract any more indebtedness until the present one is lessened and cut down to a certain amount. Whether the purchase will be made this year, seems to be a question that will have to be fought out by ballot. Quite a number of taxpayers are neutral on the question and are waiting to see what council is going to do in the matter.

According to report bears are rather plentiful out on the "barrens". Several of the animals have been seen by berry pickers and only a little over a week ago two or three half grown bears visited the sheep fold of one of the outlying farmers and carried away a sheep or two. A number of shots were fired at him but none of the bullets penetrated his hide.

A service flag will be presented to the Curwensville Baptist church with appropriate exercises next Sunday the 25th, at 11 a. m. to which all are invited.

The wife of Winston Churchill, the English statesman, is one of the most versatile women in society, and as a platform speaker she has few equals. She has a finished style of oratory, and though usually she only speaks on occasions to which the lighter vein is suitable, she can be, if necessary, most earnest and impressive.

Women are taking an active part in the Illinois primary campaign.

A CERTAINTY

The Kaiser's knees are slowly sagging. His back is growing weak. Our loyal Allies are striking hard. Upon his prince's back. They say that Wilhelm wanted to cross the broad Atlantic ocean. But of late, it seems, he's changed his mind. And has a different notion. We have a man at Washington, Woodrow Wilson, by lucky name. Across the sea he sent the Yanks To show their fighting fame: The hellish Huns in their retreat, Are racing fast towards Berlin; But to my mind as things now stand, Our boys are sure to win. With the steadiness of death, They are wrenching their way. And we're hoping to see 'em triumph Some very fine day. For there's a sparkling dawn a-brewing, In the far off eastern skies— 'Tis a dawn of world-wide freedom, For us, our brave boys and the Allies. —ANTHONY PAPPANO, Clearfield, Pa.

THE FRENCHVILLE PICNIC

The Frenchville picnic yesterday attracted the usual large crowd of picnickers and a handsome sum was realized.

As has always been the case, there was not a rain drop within a thousand miles of the place and everybody enjoyed themselves to the limit. A number of people were present. A number of people were there who had attended everyone of the forty picnics

held at Frenchville. We didn't get started to going until 1890, but we have just missed two since that time.

NO HOLIDAY SEPT. 2 FOR
RIMERSBURG COAL DIGGERS

Rimersburg, Pa., Aug. 20.—Miners in this vicinity have resolved to work as usual Labor Day, September 2, that no coal production in that section will be lost, and have further agreed to turn over each man's wages to the Rimersburg Auxiliary of the Red Cross.

To match the effort of these miners, officials of the Acme Gas Coal company the Lehigh Coal company and the Halmer Coal company, have agreed to turn over to the same Red Cross organization 50 per cent. of their payrolls for Labor Day.

DIVORCE NOTICE

In the Court of Common Pleas of Clearfield County, Pa.

BESSIE MYERS

VS.

ROBERT R. MYERS

No. 24, February Term, 1918.

To Robert R. Myers:

You are hereby notified that the undersigned Commissioner, appointed by the Court to take the testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the Court with form of decree, will sit for the purpose of the appointment at his office in the Clearfield Trust Company Building in the Borough of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday the 17th day of September, 1918, at 11 o'clock, a. m. when and where you may attend if you think proper.

GEORGE E. BIGLER,

A22-29, S-5.

GLOBE THEATRE TONIGHT

Special World Brady feature Jackie Saunders with all star cast in "THE TWIN TRIANGLE" photodrama of universal appeal and charm in 5 acts

THE BULL'S EYE

Episode No. 6
Music by the orchestra
Matinee 10c, 15c Night 15c

COMING TOMORROW

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY Madge Kennedy with all star cast in "THE DANGER GAME" 6 great acts

Universal Weekly
A big feature everywhere

Current Events
The world before your eyes
8 Reels in all 8

UNIFORM ASSESSMENTS TO BE DISCUSSED

County Commissioners Dale, Spencer and Haney and Clerk L. C. Norris went to DuBois today for the purpose of taking part in a joint meeting of the County Commissioners of Elk, Jefferson, Clarion, Indiana and Clearfield counties, which has for its purpose the making of a uniform assessment in the different counties.

This is a very necessary proposition and grows out of a state-wide movement inaugurated at the County Commissioners State Convention held in Pittsburgh recently.

VISITED NEW BRIDGE SITE

Engineers representing the Public Service commission, New York Central Railroad and the county commissioners visited the site of the new bridge across Clearfield creek beyond the county home this morning for the purpose of settling a dispute between the railroad company and commissioners regarding the boundary line of the new bridge and the approach to the bridge.

The British Labor party has issued a call for a convention of women of Great Britain to be held in London in October. The convention will consider the political and civil rights of women, and it is expected to demand the right of membership in the House of Commons for them.

England has 164 policewomen.

Flegal Is Selling Any Straw Hat In The Store for \$1.00

Notice to Draymen

The Clearfield Driving association is in need of dirt or shales for filling low places and on the east side of the new building. You can help build up the park by hauling your extra loads to the grounds. Robert Shaw will direct you where to unload same.

Clfd. Park Assn.

DETAILS OF FIGHT AT HAMEL SHOW BRAVERY OF YANKS

By G. E. W. Bean
Official War Correspondent For the Australian Government

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, July 20 (By Mail).—Many of the details of the fighting by which Hamel was captured by Australian and American troops on July 4, reflecting great credit upon the assaulting troops, have not been related publicly. When our barrage came down and the infantry advanced in the grey morning light towards Hamel, the rain continually carried a drifting mist from the smoke of the barrage across the front. This made the dawn far darker than it should otherwise have been. The bursts of our own shells were most difficult to see thru the mist ahead. Australians, many of whom have followed a barrage like this many times before, could often only tell where the barrage was by seeing our own shrapnel shells bursting overhead.

American infantry who had not seen or heard shells before pluckily faced the extraordinary difficulty of knowing where they were by keeping the eye on Australians.

Watched Australians. "We just looked out to see that we kept in line with them," said one of their officers. "So long as we kept going while they were going, we knew we were all right." At the beginning of the fight one American platoon, for example, was pushing straight on into our barrage. The Australian company commander saw this and pulled it back. The next time when the barrage started he noticed that this platoon did not move on to follow it.

"Well, how about getting on with the fight?" he asked. "Has the barrage moved yet?" they asked. "Why it has gone on a good half minute," he said. The Americans were up at once, hurrying after it. Men from the two forces worked shoulder to shoulder wherever the fighting was thick.

An Australian Lewis gunner was facing a German machine gun team with his gun at his hip, when an American sergeant dashed out and bayoneted three.

Take Dugout Full of Men. An Australian with two Americans who spoke German were detailed to search for dugouts. Working by themselves, immediately after the attacking troops had passed they found a dugout which they realized was important. The Americans called down the entrance and a battalion commander and 3 other officers and 23 men surrendered.

Many Americans are still wearing the colors of Australian battalions to which they were attached; many others who should not have been in this fight had themselves successfully when orders came to go out. Indeed some Americans lost their lives fighting beside Australians in Hamel who by rights should have been many miles away. Never was firmer friendship made than on this battlefield.

One American platoon went in under an Australian officer. When he was hit it went on under the guidance of his runner who had had experience on other battlefields. Three times in one corner of this fight one head of privates playing the part of officers.

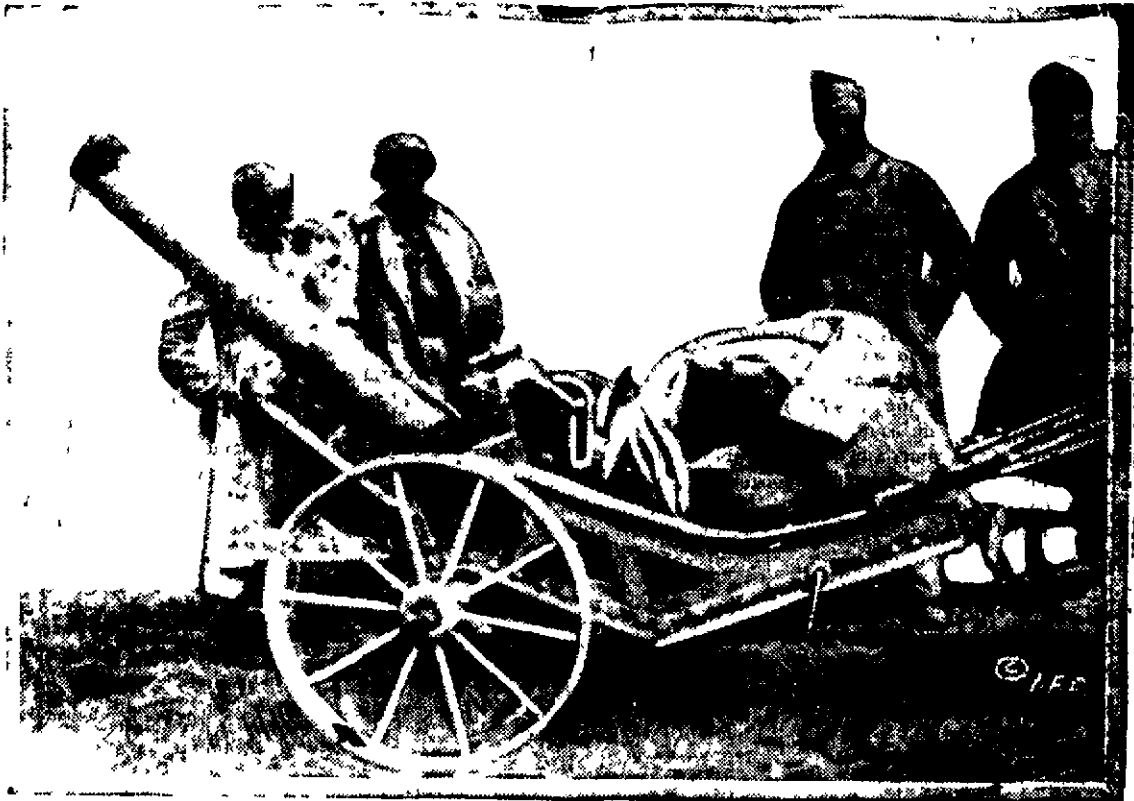
One company commander in the dense smoke drifting through Hamel Wood lost touch with his main body. Later he found it again. It had gone on exactly as planned.

Private Works Alone. At the same part of the fight an Australian private found himself isolated except for a few scattered men belonging to other companies. He immediately organized a party of 10, cleared dugouts in the village and captured one German officer and 20 men, and sent them off to the rear under an escort. At the opposite corner of the village an Australian corporal found in a house which was burning from shellfire a dump of rifle ammunition and bombs. This turned out to be an old store of British ammunition which had remained there since the village of Hamel was taken by the Germans on April 4. The corporal saved from the house 10,000 rounds of ammunition and some bombs.

The same Australians who fought at Bullecourt where the tanks were not so successful as now, are full of warm praise of the tanks. Time after time the tanks went straight at obstacles which the infantry wanted removed, and flattened them out. One tank moved straight along the bank of a sunken road breaking down a shelter along its whole length where Germans had been holding out. Naturally the Germans would not face them.

Big Tank Rifle. The Germans fired on the tanks with a special giant rifle. "Just the sort of thing one would expect a German anti-tank rifle to be," one officer told us. But the whole battalion of tanks only had 12 men wounded. The tanks constantly rubbed out machine-

New French Gun Helps In Driving The Germans Back.



This new French 155m gun, a trench mortar, has done wonderful work in the present counter-offensive against the Germans. It was carried with the infantry everywhere, and was very successful.

Gossip for Tonight's Tea Table

E. P. Hann and son Victor from Newberry are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Schwartz in the East End.

Eva Bloom McVicker, of Erie, Pa., is spending two weeks with her sister Mrs. Geo. Root, of Danville, Pa. Miss McVicker is a graduate nurse of Erie hospital and is waiting her call to serve her country under the army nurse corps.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jud Cairns Tuesday evening, August 20, an 8 pound girl.

Mr. and Mrs. David Fleming of Albany, N. Y., are visiting relatives in Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Boyle and Mrs. J. M. Sullivan, of DuBois, attended the Frenchville picnic yesterday, making the trip by automobile.

GERMANY TRYING TO BLUFF US WITH HER PEACE PLEAS AGAIN

By Carl D. Groat
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
Washington, Aug. 22.—American officials today characterized as Boche "under ground" reports, that Germany is making a new peace move. The State Department dispersed the yarns with statements that nothing official has been received regarding the action. In other high governmental circles the reports were frankly named as German propaganda of the old familiar type. Its purpose is to cause a let down in American efforts in that German is ready to quit.

"That is not the cause," said one prominent official. "If Germany were ready to quit you would see a real peace offensive but Germany, on the other hand, is not ready to quit. If they quit without a victorious peace it would mean the Hohenzollern bosses would be out of a job. We have them on the run and victory is with us. You can make up your mind that the peace chatter is German propaganda."

It may be said that the general opinion here is the same as General March's that the war will end next year providing America puts her whole soul to the task.

gun posts where the Germans did not wait for their approach.

As the line swept on in the grey light past an awkward point known as "pear" trench, a machinegun opened from ahead. The platoon commander was killed, and the advancing wave, one big, slow-moving, slow-speaking South Australian caught from the corner of his eye the dim forms of about a dozen heads and shoulders behind a bank perhaps 70 yards away. The younger immediately made towards these Germans. When he got within 50 yards the German officer in the party fired on him with his revolver and missed. The Australian fired a Lewis gun from his hip and killed every German in the party except one. The remaining man made a rush at him. The Australian whose magazine was now empty, set the German over the head with the butt end of his revolver and then shot him. There were 12 German soldiers and one officer in that party.

A Y EMMA STORY THAT WILL MAKE MOUTHS WATER

By Clarence Buddington Kelland
Paris, Aug. 19 (By Mail).—If you want a variety of things that ain't what do you do? If you have several thousand men on your hands who are asking for candy which does not exist, for cookies and macaroons and jam, and there isn't sugar or chocolate or flour or ovens to bake in, what's the answer?

This is the situation in which Roy John, a divisional secretary of the Y. M. C. A. found himself. He had to take care of the American soldiers in a big district, so he took one long look about the country and got on the job.

First, there was the everywhere present cry for candy. Sugar could not be had, chocolate could not be had, and John had no facilities to manufacture. He discovered a candy factory that had been obliged to shut down because of the war. That was one point gained. He had the place to work, but nothing to work with. Then he went to the army.

"You want candy. Come across with sugar from the commissary. For every pound of sugar you furnish me I'll return two pounds of the best candy."

"You're on," said the army. So John got his sugar. But he had to have chocolate. There was a local chocolate manufacturer, but he could not sell to the Y. M. C. A. because all his product was taken by the authorities. This man, John discovered, had bought a machine to be used in his business. The machine weighed six hundred pounds and it was a hundred miles away. The railroad would not deliver it. It was the war. Private freight of that weight could not be handled. The manufacturer had waited eight months for his machine.

John went to him and said: "If you will manufacture for me 2000 kilos of chocolate every four weeks, I'll get you a d-d-d for you."

"Oh, Monsieur, it is impossible," said the manufacturer. "You could not get me my machine."

"Will you make me my chocolate?"

"But yes, Monsieur—if you deliver my machine."

That night John sent a motor truck and two men after the machinery and next noon it was set down at the door of the chocolate manufacturer's place of business. Since then the "Y" has gotten all the chocolate it needs in that locality. Now the "Y" is turning out for American soldiers in that district 600 pounds of first class chocolate cream candy every week and the output is increasing.

Cookies and macaroons and cakes were wanted. John found idle bakers. Again he went to the army. Let us have sugar and flour and we'll make you sweet cakes. Macaroons came first because they require no flour—only almonds and sugar. In a matter of days the Y. M. C. A. was able to furnish macaroons at a figure two francs under the market price. Now they are making glazed fondant and cookies that make your mouth water, and regular American biscuits. Already they have turned out 8000 kilos of cakes, which translated into American means 16000 pounds or eight tons. And all without materials or resources, or help from Paris.

John was wanted. The district is rich in fruits. A jam factory shut down by the war, was uncovered and set to work. The "Y" bought the fruit and skimmed the sugar. The initial deal was for 12,000 three-franc pails of jam. This was under the local market by fifty centimes or ten cents. Another 25 cen-

HE DIDN'T BLAME IT ON THE WOMAN

Frank Polach, and Mrs. Brigeta Butko, of Long Island City, New York, were arrested at Grampan Saturday last on a warrant sworn out before Squire John Y. Rafferty by a representative of the Queens Detective Agency of Long Island City, charging adultery. The couple were brought to jail in default of bail.

The woman had her little six years old daughter along and not liking the accommodations at Sheriff Gorman's "stone pile" asked to be released on bail Monday. The amount of bail was fixed by the justice at \$500 and after a short conference between the two prisoners that sum in cash was provided and the woman and little girl released.

Polach proved himself to be a real dead game sport and the fellow they have been looking for ever since that famous apple core stuck in our old friend Adam's epiglottis, and then when the land owner who gave them the farm with the single reservation caught him with the goods in his neck, he promptly blamed it on the only female woman in the news up to that time.

Ever since trouble came into the town as a result of the fruit story touched on above, for every Jack brought into the world and told to dig for a living, a soul mate or more properly speaking a Jill was also provided for, in order that Jack's days while many of few might be full of trouble he would have some on to blame the trouble on. Everything went along alright for a few years, when women were few and better natured than they are now, and every fellow got his without much trouble, providing of course he could shy a rock straight enough when the girls came out of their caves for a morning sun bath. But since the population has increased and there are so many to pick from sometimes a fellow thinks he has really found his own rib and he gets along for a few weeks or months or years, as the case may be, satisfied. Occasionally however, he discovers some other fellow picked up his real mate and as he has anchored according to the law of the land, some side-stepping is necessary before the mistake can be rectified or added to a couple of times.

This appears to have been the case with our friend Polach, but when the strong arm of the law reached across two states and caught him with the goods, the stealer of the other fellow's wife, who left his own behind in the getaway, upset the dope by blaming the woman from all blame and accepting the entire responsibility for the escapade.

He did more than that, too. When bail was demanded he promptly put up \$350, every cent he had in the world, to get his loved one from behind the bars, and when the woman added to this amount \$150 she had brought along for expenses the law saw fit to allow the guilty lovers to be separated and the woman went back home again.

A charge will be preferred against Polach under the Mann act and he will be turned over to the Federal authorities for disposition, according to District Attorney Arnold, who says he could only get one year in jail according to Pennsylvania statutes, and a record-breaker like Polach is entitled to more than that under the circumstances.

Early Showing of Distinctive And Exclusive Modes in FALL MILLINERY



Be among the first to wear the new Fall hats. We are now showing a splendid collection of the new Fall velvet, felt and velour hats. With all the favored style features, however, the one dominant thought that enters your mind is the hat that will become you most and yet be in full keeping with the fashion tendencies of the season. We invite you to view this early showing.

Saturday Is The Last Day of The August Clearance

Only a few short lines necessary to convince you that if you want to take advantage of the savings you must visit the store before the store closes Saturday. In a great many cases we will reduce prices, on certain lots, until they are positively closed out by Saturday night. You can readily see that it would be impossible to advertise these lots.

A. W. Leonardson Co.

BUY U. S. S. AND THRIFT STAMPS TODAY AND EVERY DAY

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Cider Mill Opening Delayed

Owing to unforeseen delays we can not open our cider mill as expected. We will be open.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND

THOMPSON & THOMPSON

Rear 801 Martin St.

Clearfield, Pa.

Are You Entitled To Display A

SERVICE FLAG

If you are, you should have one to display from your window or on your veranda. By so doing you show to the world that a member of your family, your household has responded to the call of the United States Government and is in the service. You also do honor to that member, be he husband, son, brother, father or sweetheart.

Get A Service Flag Today

The Progress has a limited number of fine durable Service Flags which may be had while they last, in exchange for a coupon clipped from this paper and 79c. Send or call at The Progress office without delay and procure your Service Flag, if you are entitled to have one.